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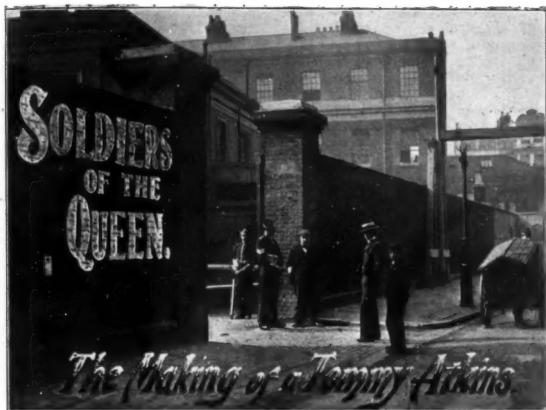
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And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies

Longfellow



Photos by John H. Avory & Co.

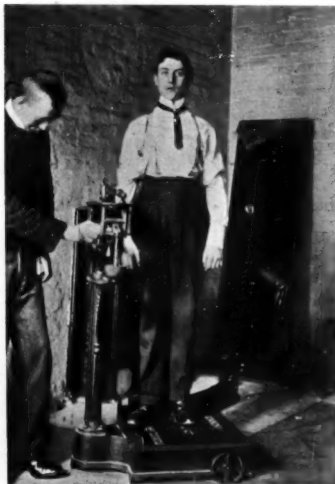
BY PAT BROOKLYN.*

THERE are few Londoners indeed who do not know that little strip of pavement extending from opposite the Garrick Theatre, in Charing Cross Road, to the corner of the National Gallery and Trafalgar Square. It is the happy hunting ground of the recruiting sergeant from the Chief Recruiting Depot, situated at the back of the National Gallery, and has been known to the initiated from time immemorial as "The Beat." It is here that, day after day, in sunshine and rain, you can see the recruiting sergeants parading backwards and forwards in front of the gaudy, but neat placards hung on the railings of the National Gallery, which set forth the many advantages of a soldier's life in glowing colours and which are doubtless the little inducement wanted to bring a would-be recruit "up to the scratch" and prevail upon him to enlist. If these few yards of pavement could only speak, what strange tales

they could tell of those who have passed along with the recruiter on their way to the barracks, leaving their former lives behind them, and abandoning civil life to become "A Soldier of the Queen"! All sorts and conditions of men have trod that pavement, from costermonger and loafer to baronet, but all with the same fixed purpose, the same goal in view, to become a unit in Her Majesty's Army. On my visits to the Depot, for the purposes of obtaining the information and photographs contained in this article, I was much struck with the diversity of types to be found amongst those "taking the shilling." There was the regular loafer and tramp type, which there was no mistaking, with poverty and hardship written in every line of his haggard and pinched face, and in the aimless shuffle which this class somehow or other seem to acquire. There was the shabby-genteel man who carried his head erect, and who was still smart and tidy in appearance, in spite of his mended

* Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by Pat Brooklyn.

and shiny clothes and frayed linen. There was the middle-class youth of the shop-assistant type who, finding life behind a shop counter dull and uninteresting, had determined to exchange



Recruit on the Scales.

the apron and cheese-knife for the scarlet tunic and the bayonet; and there were young boys of 15 or 16, whose parents had come with them to give the necessary sanction to their enlisting. But enough of the types that I saw on "The Beat." This article is intended to deal with the tests and examinations that the would-be soldier has to pass before he is accepted for service, and then with the few days of his life as a soldier which he spends at the Recruiting Depot before being drafted off to the training depot of the regiment he has elected to join.

From "The Beat" the sergeant takes him into the barrack yard which

is, by the way, just at the back of the National Gallery. Just inside the gate, and on the left as one enters, is a small and badly-lighted room where the recruit is measured, weighed, and questioned, and has his eyesight tested before being taken before one of the examining surgeons for a thorough and systematic examination. This preliminary examination is very necessary, as otherwise much of the medical officer's time would be wasted in examining and rejecting candidates who prove to be quite unsuitable from various causes, such as insufficient chest measurement, defective eyesight, or bad teeth. And I may say here that the proportion of candidates rejected on account of bad or an insufficient number of teeth is astonishing, quite 70 per cent. of the rejections being attributable to these faults.

It may not be out of place to give the questions put to the recruit by the sergeant and again by the attesting officer, should he pass the doctor, as every recruit has to answer them and sign them, at the same time making a solemn declaration to the effect that the answers he has given are true in every detail. There are seventeen main questions

in all, some of which are subdivided, and which are as follows:—

1. What is your name?
2. In or near what Parish or Town were you born?
3. Are you a British subject?
4. What is your age?
5. What is your Trade or Calling?
6. Have you resided out of your Father's house for three years continuously in the same place, or occupied a house or land of the yearly value of £10 for one year, and paid rates for the same, and, in either case, if so, state where?

You are hereby warned that if after enlistment it is found that you have given a wilfully false answer to any of the following seven questions, you will be liable to a punishment of two years' imprisonment with hard labour:

7. Areyou, or have you been, an Apprentice? If so, where? to whom? for what period? and when did, or will, the period expire?

8. Are you married?

9. Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment by the Civil Power?

10. Do you now belong to Her Majesty's Army, the Marines, the Militia, the Militia Reserve, the Royal Navy, the Volunteers, the Yeomanry, the Army Reserve, or the Naval Reserve Force? If so, to what Corps?

11. Have you ever served in Her Majesty's Army, the Marines, the Militia, the Army Reserve, the Militia Reserve, or the Royal Navy? If so, state which, and cause of discharge.

(If so, the Recruit is to be asked the particulars of his former service, and to produce, if possible, his Parchment Certificate of Discharge, and Certificate of Character, which should be returned to him, on re-enlistment, conspicuously endorsed in red ink as follows, viz.—(Name) re-

enlisted in the (Regiment)

on the (date)

12. Have you truly stated the whole, if any, of your previous service?

13. Have you ever been rejected as unfit for Her Majesty's Service? If so, on what grounds?

14. Are you willing to be vaccinated or re-vaccinated?

15. For what Corps are you willing to be enlisted, or are you willing to be enlisted for General service?

16. Did you receive a Notice, and do you understand its meaning, and who gave it you?

17. Are you willing to serve upon the following conditions, provided Her Majesty should so long require your services?

(1.) For a term of 12 years in Army Service?

(2.) If the above-mentioned term of 12 years expire while you are on service with the Regular Forces, (i.) beyond the seas, or (ii.) while a state of war exists with a Foreign Power, or (iii.) while soldiers in the Reserves are required by proclamation to continue in, or re-enter upon, Army Service, and you, in accordance with such proclamation, have re-entered Army Service, then to serve for a further period not exceeding twelve months?

which a soldier is enlisted. It reads as follows, printed on official blue paper, foolscap size :—

LONG SERVICE (All arms except Cavalry).
(12 years with the Colours.)

Notice to be given to a Man at the time of his offering to join the Army.

Date 190 .
You (name) are required to
attend* forthwith, or at
o'clock on the day of
at [here name some place] for
the purpose of appearing before a Justice to be
attested for Her Majesty's Army, in which you
have expressed your willingness to serve.

The General Conditions of the Contract of



Recruit being Measured.

* The recruit is to have the option of being attested either forthwith, or at a future time. If he wishes to be attested forthwith, the words "or at o'clock on the day of" (in line 3) will be erased. If he does not wish to be attested forthwith, the hour (with the letters a.m. or p.m., as the case may be), the day, and the month, will be inserted, and the words "forthwith or" (in line 2) will be erased.

The Notice referred to in question 16 is reproduced *in extenso*, as in it are set forth the terms and conditions on

Enlistment that you are about to enter into with the Crown are as follows :—

1. You will engage to serve Her Majesty as a Soldier in the Regular Forces for a period of 12 years, provided Her Majesty should so long require your services.



Recruits waiting examination by the Surgeon.

2. Your term of Service will be reckoned thus :—

1. The service shall begin to reckon from the date of attestation, but

2. If guilty of any of the following offences:

(a) Desertion from Her Majesty's Service, or

(b) Fraudulent Enlistment ;
the whole period of Service prior thereto shall be forfeited.

3. You may be enlisted for a Special Corps, or you may be enlisted for General Service, or General Service (Infantry), in which case you will be appointed to a Corps.

4. If enlisted for General Service you will be liable, during the first three months of service, to be transferred to any Corps of the Arm in which you are serving.

5. You may also be transferred to another Corps,

(a) with your consent ;

(b) if you are invalided from Service beyond the seas ;

(c) if the Corps being ordered on service beyond the seas you are unfit for such Service by reason of your health, or, are within 2 years of the expiring of your Army Service ;

(d) if the Corps, while on Service beyond the seas, be ordered home or to another station, and you have more than 2 years unexpired of your period of Army Service ;

(e) if you are guilty of desertion or fraudulent enlistment :—

(f) if sentenced by a Court-Martial to 6 months' imprisonment.

6. If your term of Army Service should expire, the same may be extended or prolonged for a period not exceeding twelve months under these circumstances :—

(a) if a state of War exists between Her Majesty and any Foreign Power :

(b) if you are on service beyond the seas :

(c) if the Army Reserve be called out under Her Majesty's proclamation.

7. If you are an enrolled Volunteer you will, on enlistment into the Regular Army, be deemed to be discharged from the Volunteer Force.

You will, nevertheless, be liable to

deliver up (fair wear and tear only excepted) all arms, clothing and appointments, being public property, or property of the Corps, issued to you, and to pay all money due or becoming due by you under the rules, of the Corps, or to be placed under stoppages until the value of such arms, clothing, or appointments, not so delivered up, or such money is fully paid.

8. If serving beyond the seas at the time you are entitled to your discharge, you will be sent to the United Kingdom free of expense.

9. When attested by the Justice you will be liable to all the provisions of the Army Act for the time being in force.

10. If from three months of your attestation you pay for the use of Her Majesty a sum not exceeding £10 you can be discharged ; unless when you claim such discharge a proclamation is in force requiring the Army Reserve to enter upon Army Service.

11. You will be required by the Justice to answer the questions printed on the back hereof, and you are warned that if you make at the time of your attestation any false answer to him, you will thereby render yourself liable to punishment.

Signature of the Non-
Commissioned Officer
serving the Notice,.....



Recruits-taking the Oath of Allegiance—A very unique photograph.

The title-piece of this article is a good view of the entrance to the Depot, and just through the gate and to the left is the room mentioned above. The photo is of more than usual interest, as it is through this very gate that some of our finest officers have passed when they entered the Army as privates.

Figs. 1 and 2 shew a candidate on the scales and standard respectively.

Having passed these preliminary tests and his chest measurement over his clothes being satisfactory, he is taken across the barrack square to the recruits' waiting room where he is told to

undress and pass through to the bath rooms which are situated in the rear. These baths are fitted with hot and cold water and an unlimited supply of

soap is allowed the recruit for his ablutions. When he leaves the bath he is told by the orderly in charge of the room to put on his trousers and shirt and take a seat and wait his turn to go before the examining surgeon. A very



The Recruits' Recreation Room.

good view of the room is shewn in Fig. 3, and the different styles of the recruits waiting to be examined can be seen at a glance.

Of course the medical examination

proper is carried out whilst the recruit is in a state of absolute nudity, and it will be readily understood by my readers that it was impossible to secure photographs of this examination, inter-

esting though they would have been; and so a pen picture will have to suffice. Examining the numbers of recruits that they do every day the surgeons naturally do not waste time but proceed with their examination with almost

incredible speed, complete and exhaustive though it is. First the measurement, height and chest, the latter both expanded and contracted, are

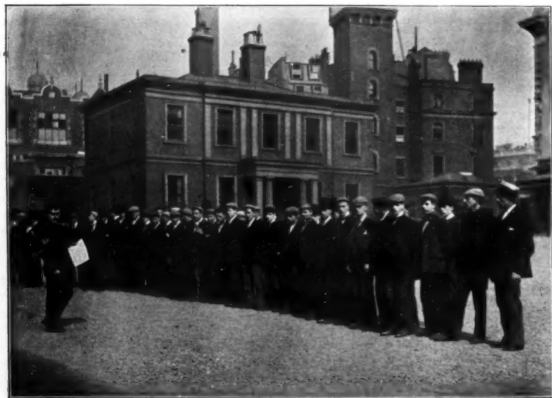
taken, and the recruit is weighed, and I may say, *en passant*, that much importance is attached to a recruit's powers of expansion. Next he is made to hop round the room, first on one leg and

then on the other, the examining surgeon all the time closely following his every movement. He is made to bend down and touch his toes with the tips of his fingers, to open and close his hands, and other exercises which

seem strange and unnecessary to the uninitiated, but each of which has its own particular purpose. Any physical peculiarities or marks the recruit may



The Recruits' Canteen.



Recruits' "Roll Call," prior to marching them off to their different Depots.



Serjt.-Major Joss, Chief Recruiting Sergeant, and group of Recruiting Sergeants (the Chief Clerk of Depot on his right).

bear, and which could at any time assist in his identification, are carefully noted and described on his papers, and this is often of the utmost value in identifying deserters.

On passing the surgeon the recruit is taken before one of the Attesting Officers and has his questions and answers read over to him again, and when these have been answered satisfactorily and signed, the Oath of Allegiance is read over, he repeating each sentence after the Attesting Officer.

This proceeding with which his life as a civilian ceases and he becomes a

Servant of Her Majesty is most interesting, and a very good idea of it can be obtained from the photo of it. (Fig. 4.) The Bibles are handed out to

the recruits by the Sergeant, with instructions to "hold the book in the right hand, repeat the words after the officer, and kiss the book at the word of command." The Oath reads as follows:—"I — do make Oath, that I will

be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty, Her Heirs, and Successors, and that I will, as in duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend Her Majesty, Her Heirs, and Suc-



A Recruits' Dormitory, with Beds Folded

cessors, in Person, Crown, and Dignity, against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of Her Majesty, Her Heirs, and Successors, and of the Generals and Officers set over me. So help me God." At the close of the reading of the Oath, the command, "Kiss the Book," was given — the Bibles were raised simultaneously — and seven were added to the number of Her Majesty's soldiers. It may be well to explain here that the photo, Fig. 4, is one of the recruits being *actually* sworn in. It was snapped just at the moment the command to "Kiss the Book" was given. Indeed all the photos illustrating the article are of actual phases in a recruit's examination, and none of them were posed or "faked" in any way.

As soon as the Oath has been taken the recruit is taken down to the Pay Office, where he is paid a day's pay, which varies according to the branch of the Service he may have elected to join. He is then told where and at what time to report himself again, and is quite at liberty, if he likes, to go home to his friends and pass the night

with them or to spend his time in barracks or in the recreation room (Fig. 5), where there are always plentiful supplies of papers and magazines, &c., for his edification. He has to supply his own food out of the pay he receives, an allowance in lieu of

rations being given him in addition to his day's pay, but it is not compulsory that he should buy his food in the canteen in barracks, as he is quite at liberty to buy it outside barracks if he likes, but he may do a great deal worse by following the latter method, as the meals supplied in the canteen are most excellent.

A view of the canteen with the recruits at dinner is shown in our next photo (Fig. 6), and although the tables are not supplied with cloths, still everything is spotlessly clean



"The Beat" in Trafalgar Square, where Recruits are picked up.

and very nicely served.

The dormitories in which the recruits staying in barracks sleep are large, clean, and well aired, and each room accommodates about twenty men. The usual military cot is used, and each is provided with warm blankets and sheets, and here the recruit learns one of his first duties, that of folding his

bedding away properly. Fig. 9. is a photo of No. 6 Room A Block. I should say that a sergeant sleeps on each landing just outside the recruits' dormitories, and it is his duty to keep order at night.

Each morning and afternoon the recruits are paraded in the barrack square by one of the Staff Colour-Sergeants, and receive their orders as to when they are to proceed to join their regiments, and Fig. 7 is a good view of them being paraded by Staff Colour-Sergeant Crudass. Those whose names are not on the list for despatch to their regiments that day are free until the next parade, and so they pass the time in their own fashion either in barracks or out, their only duty being to attend at such particular time as they are told. In my humble opinion the first few days in barracks is the most trying to the recruit, and it is well

that the stern military discipline is not rigidly enforced, as, like a young horse, a recruit wants careful handling at first.

The actual recruiting staff consists of Sergeant-Major Jose, and about forty recruiting Sergeants, who are, amongst them, responsible for about forty or fifty army and twenty to thirty Militia recruits daily.

When the recruit receives the notification to proceed to join his regiment he is marched out of the Depot with those of his companions who are joining the same regiment, and the Depot knows him no more.

In conclusion, I wish to tender my sincere thanks to Major Ottley who was in command at the time I made my application, and also to Captain Dawson for the many kindnesses shown me and the facilities which were given me for obtaining information and photographs.



"Why, you are only
a boy!"



AN AIX LOVE STORY.

BY HELEN MATHERS.

THE steps outside the Thermal Establishment were crowded. Doctors were prescribing for their patients, receiving payment, or in some cases presenting accounts, and no one played eaves-dropper to professional confidences, no one stared at these open-air consultations, for all business is conducted *en plein air* at Aix-les-Bains, and the horrors of waiting in a consulting room, to be presently summoned by a mute who suggests ushering you to your own funeral, are unknown.

A girl in a white cambric frock, who held a red umbrella over her head, sat reading on the steps and looking up from time to time to the Arch of Campanus opposite, at the crowd that buzzed in the market beyond, full of light, movement, and colour as foreign crowds always are. It is only an English crowd that irresistibly suggests the lines:

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

The girl loved the Garden of the Savoy, its landscapes and points of view challenging comparison with the grandest and loveliest scenery of Switzerland, its deep and grassy glens, its

glaciers and torrents, blue lakes and rushing rivers, its cascades, and above all its mountains more changeful, more companionable, even than the sea.

And to drive through this lovely Savoyard country, where one cannot move a step without treading on vine leaves, and you may pluck bunches of grapes as easily as blackberries, where the everlasting mountains lift up their heads even unto the clouds, and the whole valley glows with the magnificent effects of light and shade on lofty scaur and rich verdure is a thing never to be forgotten; and when you have gone up the hill, and zigzagged down to the Lac de Bourget you may search the world over and find no fairer sight than this. Long and mystical in the intensely blue bosom of the lake you see the reflections of the Aiguebilette, of Epine, and Mont du Chat, and if one wearies of the blue, then there are acres of water lilies paved with vividest, intensest green. But most of all she loved the vivid contrast of the old and the new in the town of Aix, that "most brilliant jewel of the Duchy of the Savoy," by its age, its Roman arch and ruins. Its grand old castle, built like the Arch of Campanus, in a way

that defied time, appealed vividly to this girl's imagination; before Christ was it built, and in the Roman days kings had come hither to bathe, while the inhabitants of the place were known by the name of Agnenses.

Once this fortified city was surrounded by a strong wall flanked by large towers, and pierced by three gates, of Chambery, of Chantague, and Rumilly; and the girl was trying to reconstruct the barbaric past in the midst of the new, noisy, gambling, bathing present when, waking to outward things, suddenly she ducked the red umbrella, and the man who was making straight for it stopped and stared at it hard. There were so many flamingo sunshades in Aix and so many white frocks, but though he could not see a bit of her face he could swear to her foot, the neatest, the best shod in the whole place. A lady who had been waiting her turn for a douche at that moment vacated the seat next to the girl, who had temporarily obscured herself, and Ellenborough adroitly slipped into her place.

"Essie," he said, for she had not expected this flank movement, and he found her reading contentedly, with a fine air of mischief on her small face. For answer she whipped round the sunshade so smartly that its ferrule nearly poked his eye out, and he murmured remonstrantly, as he held his hand to the injured member.

"It's too hot for playing hide and seek," he said, addressing the red calico in the half hurried way in which one talks to a person on the other side of a wall. "Heard the news?"

No answer. A small, bare hand turned a page that rustled, so it is to be presumed she was still reading.

"Well, then, you ought to have," said he, in a nettled tone. "Stormouth and Bellairs almost came to blows last night—and about you."

The flamingo curved sharply to one side, and an alarmed little face came round the corner. It was very small, very white, and had big, innocent eyes the colour of speedwells.

"Pray, what have I to do with it?" said Miss Essie, with a great effort at bounce.

"Oh, you know best," said Fitz, significantly. "They were both in your box at the theatre last night, you know. And I know what your tricks are."



"I know what your tricks are."

"Where did they quarrel?" inquired the girl, shutting her book sharply.

"At the Villa des Fleurs—after baccarat."

"Oh!" said Essie, her lip curling,

"it's much more likely they fell out about some *cocotte*. A decent woman here is simply out of it—men naturally prefer professionals to amateurs!"

"Essie!" cried out Fitz, thoroughly angry, but she only tilted her dimpled chin at him, put the book under her arm, and walked off without any leave-taking.

"Well—of all the little——" he began, then slowly followed her. She did not take the market way, but turned down by the big chemist's, and stopped at her favourite window, filled with photographs of the scenery surrounding Aix.

"We've done 'em all except the Grande Chartreuse," he said, over her shoulder, and she jerked it impatiently as if he were a buzzing insect that annoyed her, and she must shake off.

"Lovely day, Miss Ormonde?" said a gay voice, and looking round she saw Jack Stormouth, cheery and impudent as usual, and seemingly quite unconscious of the very straight look she made him a present of, together with her hand.

"Morning, Ellenborough," he said, with a nod to Fitz. "You look a bit chippy this morning. Naughty! Naughty! Let me carry that book," and he dexterously relieved Esther of her burden, and the three strolled away side by side.

"And, pray, what were *you* doing last night?" said Miss Essie, coolly.

"A little dinner—a little music—a little play—and then a little bed," he said, with a virtuous air and twinkling eyes.

"And what was Reggie Bellairs doing?" inquired Esther, her coolness marred by a slight blush.

"Oh, he did everything I did," said Jack, airily; "in fact it became quite automatic and got on my nerves. Such beautiful reciprocity is a nuisance. Driving anywhere to-day?"

"No."

Esther paused at a jeweller's to collect her thoughts. She was an inveterate shop gazer, and though really indifferent to gems, could not have got past the Aix trays of precious

stones, which were really marvellous and able to hold their own at any show in the world. Fitz always felt small when she looked at them, because, compared with Stormouth, he was a poor man, and if she had liked them ever so much, he could not have gone in and bought the shop full for her, as Jack could have done without turning a hair.

Esther was fascinated by the white fire of a diamond heart, yet vexed with herself for admiring it, as the rage for hearts as ornaments, first inaugurated by a Queen, had passed through all ranks and classes until it reached Whitechapel, where it rioted in brass and even pewter, and every donah was in the fashion. It was even worse than the single string of pearls that, worn immediately below a young, round chin, looks so charmingly, but when seen emerging from a public house above a soiled frock worn by the "lidy" who fetches the morning beer, makes one feel qualmish towards pearls for a very long time.

"After all, a flower stall beats a jewel shop hollow," said Essie, as they resumed their saunter, but Stormouth, who had seen how her blue eyes lingered on the heart, did not believe her. Fitzroy did. The slim girl walked between the two unmistakable English aristocrats, dressed with the severe plainness that men of no other country can carry off well, was stared at, admired, and envied, according to the sex of those who looked at her. The hot, narrow street was full of people of every nationality under the sun. President Faure was coming in the afternoon, and the peasants were crowding in from all the country round, the women in their delightful white caps, the men in blue linen blouses; one can distinguish every class at a glance in the Savoy as it is impossible to do in England. Aix lends herself graciously to a holiday, and by the simple device of hanging strings of coloured lanterns to the trees that line the streets, and putting out plenty of flags and a million rainbow lamps in the Arch gardens and

those of the Villa des Fleurs, lo! the trick is done at a minimum of cost and time.

and innocently inquired if Faure's name was Richard or Reginald?



The slim girl walked between the two unmistakable English aristocrats.

Esther pointed to a big R.F. surrounded by flags that appeared at regular intervals all along the way,

Stormouth laughed loudly, and Fitz smiled, and explained that the letters stood for "Republique Française."

Esther had flushed at Stormouth's loud laugh, though he was quite unconscious of offence, and indeed his rank, his immense wealth, his good looks, made most things that he did seem good in the sight of women. But Esther hated rich people—too much money would deprave the nicest taste, the most perfect breeding in the world, and at that moment she felt that she loved Fitz, if only that he was comparatively poor. And yet, every woman compatriot she met envied Esther her escort—even the Americans, airy marauders in Paris gowns, would have liked to change places with her, for if they have made gold their slave, they themselves are slaves to English rank, and bow the knee before it. They can be very charming, these Transatlantic cousins of ours, when they have brushed every other woman from the stage on which they stand—but only to men. Nothing in petticoats can live near them.

"Have you seen Reggie to-day?" inquired Esther of Jack unexpectedly.

"No. Have you any message for him?"

Esther looked up and met Jack's rather hard grey eyes full.

"Yes. Tell him he is not to fight with you and make me look ridiculous. Father would be furious—and so should I."

Jack was silent for a moment, then he said:

"If we are on such terms as you suppose, how can you expect me to take such a message?"

"Because you are older and have more sense," she said. "Personally," she added, "I don't see why you shouldn't fight if you want to. You think nothing of doing it in battle—you hew and slaughter and hack with a fine relish and feel yourself a hero—it's the numbers I suppose that makes the difference—and Reggie's a frail little chap. And his mother adores him."

"He is a saucy young beggar," growled Jack, "and wants his comb cut. The women have spoilt him by making a pet of him as they do of duodecimos of men, and it has turned

his head. Here's the General," he added as a tall, slender man clothed all in spotless white approached them. He looked grave and preoccupied, and barely nodding to the two men, drew Esther away.

"What is it, Dad," she said, as he piloted her through the polyglot crowd of which the French fat *bourgeoisie* formed a large ingredient.

He shook his head, but once in their rooms at the Hotel d' Aix, and the door shut, he faced her sternly, and her heart quailed.

"More of your tricks, Esther," he said, "and by Heaven, I wish I'd left you at home. Not satisfied with making a fool of Ellenborough, whom you won't release, and won't accept, you've set Stormouth and Bellairs by the ears, and now their seconds have arranged everything, and the duel comes off some time to-day."

"Are they so determined someone shall stop it that they go and tell everybody—have they informed the police?" cried Esther, scornfully.

"You have no shame," said her father, turning away in bitter anger.

"Many a heart have you broken, but now one man's death, possibly two, may lie at your door," and he went out hastily, as if afraid to trust his temper.

Esther walked to the window and looked absently at the mountains that hem one round at Aix, and from which, go where you will, look where you will, you can't escape—and do not want to either. They always soothed and rested her inexpressibly; she never wearied of them; and now, almost unconsciously, she said to herself,

"Though on its brow men sow and reap
He giveth His beloved sleep."

That was what perhaps she was going to give to one of the two men who would go out on her behalf that day, or, as her father said, perhaps both—and how could she ever rest quietly in her own bed again? The door opened behind her, and she thought her father had returned, and did not look round, for she hated to see anger in that usually kind face.

"Dad," she said, "I did flirt—a little, with those two at the theatre last night. But it was only to spite out her pocket handkerchief), "and when anyone worries me, I want to worry someone else—so—I flirt—"



Esther sprang from her coupe and flew towards them.

Fitz. He—he had made me angry. He knows I don't want to get married and he will pin me to an answer—yes or no. And—and I am very fond of him, you know." (Esther got

ted alternately with—with Jack and Reggie."

But "Dad" was clearly very angry and made no response, and now Esther used her pocket handkerchief in real

earnest the while she feebly excused herself.

"You see, Dad, I don't mean to flirt when I'm married. So I must have my flirt out first. And I'd got on a pink frock. It was all that frock, no man keeps his head over a pink anything—with lots of lace. It never would have happened—they wouldn't have quarrelled, I mean, if it had been a w—white one. And that great, rude Jack is sure to kill poor Reggie—dear little chap!"

"Esther!"

The girl jumped, and turned furious, with scarlet cheeks, to behold Fitz, whose face was a study in equally mingled anxiety and delight.

"Darling," he said, "you can never get out of it that you are fond of me. But those fools have just driven off—in opposite directions, to put everyone off the scent. After parting with Stormouth, I went back to say something I had forgotten, and I overheard him give the directions, and immediately Reggie drove by. Come—we must follow Stormouth to Marlioz."

Esther had not removed her hat, she wore no gloves of mornings, and she flew out of the room and the hotel without uttering a word. Everyone had gone in to the Déjeuner; there were only servants to see her jump into a coupé with a smart awning, and, followed by Fitz, drive rapidly away. The road to Marlioz is one long alley bordered on both sides by trees, as are most of the roads about Aix, and Fitz held the girl's hand fast in what was a veritable lover's avenue as they went, and Stormouth looking back (he must have been unaccountably delayed on the road) saw the pursuers and grinned.

"We've brought her to her senses, and she has flown straight into Fitz's arms."

"The little flirt shall have that diamond heart for a wedding present," he added, half aloud. "Lord, he's a welcome to her—her pranks would make me grey in a week!"

Presently his carriage took a sharp turn to the left, and almost at the same moment Reggie's coupé appeared from

the opposite direction and debouched on the quiet meadow where the seconds were waiting and an English doctor.

As the antagonists passed each other they scowled outwardly, but, inside—winked.

Esther's voice was distinctly heard in the distance urging on the driver to greater efforts, and Reggie and Stormouth laughed, grimaced in trying not to smile, and the seconds, who were not in the know, looked furious—here was the eternal feminine coming to spoil the game as usual.

The ground was measured out—the men were to fight at ten paces, with pistols. Both men were extraordinarily quick in getting rid of their coats and were already in their shirts when Esther sprang from her coupé and flew towards them.

"Jack!" she cried, in trembling accents, "Reggie! If you fight I'll never—never—" but here she burst into tears and dissolved into Fitz's remarkably ready arms.

The two principals exchanged rapid glances, and the seconds, a fire-eating Frenchman and a huge German whom Heidelberg had made callous to bloodshed, frowned heavily. To them it looked like a put-up job, and their opinion of English milords declined. They looked significantly at the English doctor who possibly was in the plot, too, for he had turned his back, and his back smiled.

Esther recovered herself, and came forward, lifting up imploring hands and looking so lovely that—involuntarily both men felt a sensation. She was too good for Fitz, too good for anyone but themselves. "If you fight," she said, "I will go into a convent—or—or I will take an overdose of something—for I could not live as a Murderess!"

"Well," said Reggie, looking hard at Jack, "I was wrong—I had taken too much wine at dinner—and I apologize."

"And I accept your apology," said Stormouth, with indecent haste, and the two men shook hands, and the seconds bowing low, and with marked irony, left the ground. In the distance the four drivers, standing up on

their box seats to get a better view of the bloodshed, made derisive gestures of disappointment, and scored heavily over "the much-hated, cock-sure Englishman."

Esther came forward timidly, looking not at all like an unabashed Northern maiden, and, taking Reggie's hand in her right and Jack's in her left, with a little glance towards the English doctor, spoke her *mea culpa*.

"I behaved very badly last night. I often do—but I was — was angry with Fitz—"

"And pray, what had poor Fitz done?" inquired Jack.

"He—he worries me to marry him," said Essie, hanging her head, "and I don't—want—to—be—married! Men are so much nicer as—lovers!"

"Oh!" said Jack, significantly. "I see you still stick to the plural. You are a very naughty little girl," he added, sternly. "Here is one of the best fellows in the world wasting his time, and spending his best years dancing attendance on you—when lots of other girls would jump at him—and if I may say so, Miss Esther, nicer girls—I won't say prettier."

"No, no!" cried Reggie, indignantly, and Fitz murmured, protestingly, "she always meant to marry me, didn't you, Essie?"

"Of course I did," said Essie, slipping her hand through his arm, "and Jack is a nasty cross thing—and pray if I am so nasty, why does he want to fight about me?"

She glanced at all three triumphantly, and the muscles of two faces twitched. Then she tossed her head and led the way to where waited their disgusted charioteers.

The lovers drove back in beauty down the lovely green alley, for Fitz at least had his heart's desire, and Essie felt she had escaped a terrible catastrophe, while the doctor remarked, as he took the third place in the following coupé, that "this was how they brought the good news to Aix" that nobody was killed.

.....

"We had to do it," said Jack to Reggie, "nothing but a good scare could ever have convinced her how really fond she was of Ellenborough, and how she turned to him in everything. Whether she'll

give up her tricks and settle down quietly is another matter."

"A reformed flirt makes the most rattling good wife alive," said Reggie. "She may be difficult—but she'll stick to him. I think we did the job rather neatly," he added, complacently. "Our rivalry at the theatre, our



There might have been heard the very, very soft sound of a kiss.

flare-up over the cards, the challenge—all the good rules of the game fully observed except the finale—give us a light, old man, and if we look asses to-night, well, we leave Aix to-morrow."

President Faure had passed triumphantly from crowds of incense in the Villa des Fleurs to coloured clouds of Bengal lights that rose up to meet him from the gardens below. Now, with his broad red ribbon showing smartly across his breast, and with a good old moon overhead that had come out especially to have a look at the people's favourite, he passed, with his gentlemen behind him, down between the jewell-hung trees and the ranks of his loyal admirers to the railway station, bowing as he went with really delightful sincerity and grace. Unexpectedly caught in the crowd, Esther and Fitz

had been pushed to the very front of it, and the President's keen eye that nothing escaped, certainly not a pretty woman, was caught by the pair of English lovers, and he turned and looked back.

"Dear man!" said Essie; "I shall put up R. F. worked in silks in my boudoir," ("Our boudoir," interpolated Fitz). "I'm sure his coming to-day brought us luck. And Jack was very horrid and rude—I expect he bullied poor Reggie dreadfully last night—and Reggie behaved beautifully in making it up."

"Yes," said Fitz, ruminatingly, "but I never knew Stormouth climb down before. Shouldn't wonder if some of us chaps yet have our faces smacked by some of these foreigners now they know we don't fight—but so long as—as——"

They were now in the garden of the Hotel d'Aix and there might have been heard the very, very soft sound of a kiss.



"Rose-Marie."

BY THE BARONESS DE BERTOUCHE.

I gave my love a rose,
She hid it in her breast;
I saw its petals kiss
The bosom where they pressed.

I gave my love a rose,
She took it with a frown;
"O, Rose Marie, I still
Can see thee toss it down."

I gave my love a rose,
She took it with a tear;
She fear I kissed away,
I loved my love so dear.

I gave my love a rose,
But she had fall'n asleep;
She neither frowned nor smiled,
Her slumbers were so deep.

My flower is dust to-day,
But no one dreams or knows
How this poor heart of mine
Hath withered with that rose.

THE ART CAREER OF JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON.

By C. C. STRAND.

THAT a cobbler should keep to his last is an aphorism that would seem to

given evidence of the possession of other qualities than are required for the art of acting; while Mr. Weedon Grossmith and Mr. Bernard Gould, and last, but by no means least, Mr. Johnston Forbes - Robertson are artists as well as actors.

The eldest son of a well known journalist, lecturer, and man of letters, Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson was born in London, 16th January, 1853. After a short period at a preparatory school, he went to Charterhouse, where, among his schoolfellows, were a trio who have since become well-known actors, namely, Cyril Maude, Fred Kerr, and Charles Allen. During the three years he stayed here he found that he had a love of drawing. Curiously enough, the drawing-master's name was Robertson, too, and



Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson.

From the painting by Hugh T. de Glasbrook. New Gallery, 1894.

carry but little weight with English actors of to-day. Sir Henry Irving, in his orations; Mr. Tree, in his lectures; and Mr. Barrett, in his plays; have all

possibly this might have led the teacher to take a greater interest in his pupil. Young Robertson would give up his half holidays to play with the pencil. He

was particularly fond of sitting in the old quarters of the ancient Charterhouse, which dated back to the time before Henry VIII. The architecture



Madame Modjeska.

From a painting by J. Forbes-Robertson, Grosvenor Gallery, 1881.

here was particularly attractive to the lad; he would sit and sketch within its precincts for hours. A son of Leech, the caricaturist, was also at this school. He was exceedingly clever at pen-and-ink sketches, particularly at drawing horses. He was drowned at sea in 1875.

When young Robertson was nine years old, and during his old Carthusian days, he spent all his holidays with an old priest near Rouen. His name was Victor Godfroi, the curé of Notre Dame de Bon-Secours, and the builder of the magnificent church on the hill outside Rouen, of which he was curé for many years. For five years young Robertson spent nearly half his time there, meeting hundreds of priests, and sketching the country and the church. He used to assist in the services of the church, and has carried every sort of banner and cross, and swung the censers, and, although not a Catholic, it was while staying with his good friend M. le Curé de Bon-Secours he spent some of the happiest and most beautiful days of his life.

It was intended that Mr. Robertson should become a painter, and, when sixteen, he was sent to Hetherley's, in Newman Street, to make drawings with a view to becoming a student at the Royal Academy. He really wanted to become an artist, and his father's and mother's influence over him at this time was very considerable. He moved in artistic circles, which was a great benefit to him; and both Madox Brown and Rossetti seemed to take a great interest in his work. Mr. Robertson often used to go out to Rossetti's house at Chelsea and take his drawings to him, and the famous artist would look at them and say very encouraging things. Mr. Robertson sat to him once for a figure of "Love," which appears in his picture of "Dante's Dream," now in Liverpool.

The young artist got into the Academy somewhere about 1870. Among the many studies made during his stay here, he treasures one of a head and shoulders most highly, as the late Sir John Millais worked for twenty minutes on it. He came into contact



Miss Ellen Terry, 1876.

From a painting by J. Forbes-Robertson.

with nearly every painter of note of that day—O'Neil, Pettie, Orchardson, Frith, Faed, E. M. Ward, Sir Frederick

Leighton, Sant, Stacy Marks, and, what few people can say, poor Fred Walker. When he first got into the painting room his easel was next to Mr. S. Waller's, whose pictures are well known through engravings.

Among Mr. Robertson's fellow-students were Frank Dicksee, Alfred Gilbert, Waterhouse, and Hamo Thornycroft. The young men used to adjourn to a very favourite chop-house (Snow's); now the Academy student has his regular club-house, and evening dress has supplanted the velvet coat. They were great singing and reciting days. The young students would adjourn to one of their homes, and singing and speeches would go up, to the accompaniment of pipes and beer. Mr. Robertson was recognized as the actor, and he treated his audience to such pieces as "The Raven" and what he now refers to as

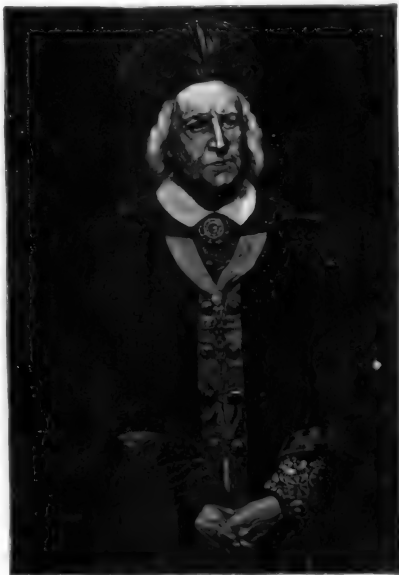
"other morbid things." He frankly confesses that though he worked very hard he did not make painting pay, only selling three or four pictures a year. He received £5 for his first picture, and has had as much as £15 for a head. During the last year he

was at school he painted a few portraits. He remained at the Academy for three years.

It was the influence of the late Mr. W. G. Wills that was instrumental in securing Mr. Robertson his first theatrical engagement. The celebrated dramatist was a fine painter, and it is told of his picture of Ophelia that someone went up to Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who was looking at it when the work was on exhibition, and asked, "Is

it yours, Watts?" "No," replied the Royal Academician, "I wish to goodness it was!"

Mr. Robertson started at £4 a week,



Mr. Samuel Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey in Henry VIII.

From the original life-size portrait by J. Forbes-Robertson. In possession of the Garrick Club.

"O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to my enemies."



Miss Mary Anderson.

From a painting by J. Forbes-Robertson

appearing in Wills's play, *Marie Stuart*, at the Princess's Theatre, with Mrs. Rousby in the titular part. He recalls his first appearance, leading her on the stage on a white horse. All his fellow-students were there the first night; but he particularly requested them not to applaud, in case it might be mistaken for a *claque*. The engagement only lasted a few weeks, when he immediately joined a travelling company which had been

organized by Charles Reade, and of which Miss Ellen Terry was a member. The famous novelist gave the young actor a commission to paint a picture, for Robertson was still keeping up his painting.

Mr. Robertson next joined the stock company at Manchester to support Samuel Phelps, and he soon attracted the attention of the great tragedian, whose interest in him was probably further stimulated by the discovery that the young actor was already well versed in Shakespeare. From that time till his death Mr. Robertson was closely associated with him, supporting him in almost all the plays in which he appeared. The old actor also had a high opinion of his pupil as an artist in oil, and sat to him for his portrait as Cardinal Wolsey in *Henry VIII.*, which, when finished, was purchased by the Garrick Club. The picture bears the following inscription:—

"Samuelum Phelps, tragædum,
Discipulum in arte scenica.
Johnston Forbes-Robertson depinxit, 1878."

Mr. Robertson was exceedingly



The Casket presented to Sir Henry Irving, 19th July, 1886.

From a photograph by F. A. Bridge, Daldon Lane, N.E.

fortunate in his engagements, and has played with all the leading actors of his time. It would be useless to enumerate the hundred and one parts which he has since filled. During a holiday in Cornwall he met, in the same little hotel where he stayed, Madame Modjeska, her husband, and sister. The Rev. Mr. Jackson, the rector of

and copied it. When Madame Modjeska opened at the Court Theatre in 1880, Mr. Robertson once more supported her in *Romeo and Juliet*, and became the recognized actor for the part. Hence he toured with Miss Mary Anderson in America, playing *Romeo* and other parts, and when he opened the Lyceum Theatre for a



The Church Scene in "*Much Ado About Nothing*."

From a photographure of the picture by J. Forbes-Robertson, published by Doudensell & Doudensells, Ltd.

the place, persuaded Madame Modjeska to give two or three scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*, and she consented, and asked Mr. Robertson to help her by playing *Romeo*. He did so, and this was his first appearance in the character. A platform was erected in the rector's garden, and this was the beginning of pastoral plays. Someone sent a chatty paragraph about the performance to the *World*, and people evidently considered it as a happy thought

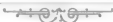
season under his and Mr. Harrison's management, he chose *Romeo and Juliet*, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the heroine.

The year 1882 found Mr. Robertson at the Lyceum as Claudio in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and Sir Henry Irving shortly after commissioned the actor-artist to paint a souvenir of the cathedral scene, for which the company sat. The picture represents Telbin's masterpiece in stage scenery—the in-

terior of the cathedral at Messina, with its real, built-out, round pillars thirty feet high; its canopied roof of crimson plush, from which hung the golden lamps universally used in Italian churches, its painted gates (*fac-similes* of the originals), its altar with vases of flowers and flaming candles rising to a height of eighteen feet, its stained glass windows and statues of saints, its carved stalls, and all the other details. This marvellous scene, so beautiful and grand, is well set off in Mr. Robertson's picture by the sacred ceremony, which was well arranged on the Lyceum stage with perfect tact.

When the actors and actresses of Great Britain decided to present Sir

Henry Irving with an illuminated address of congratulation upon the honour of knighthood conferred upon him, in 1895, Mr. Forbes Robertson was suitably entrusted with the design for the crystal and gold casket in which the testimonial was presented. It is strictly classical in design, rectangular in form, and of imposing size. The entablature is supported by twelve fluted gold columns of the Ionic order. The first panel is embellished with masks in gold relief of "Tragedy" and "Comedy." The casket is a beautiful specimen of the English goldsmith's art, and contains nearly one hundred ounces of eighteen-carat gold.



"Amor et Mors."

"Like woman waiting for her Demon-lover."—Coleridge.

Her loves were many as the early roses,
And gaily-tinted like the summer flowers;
And warbling love-birds in her shaded bowers
Sang—as they do, when fate disposes;
Sweet—as they will, ere pleasure closes,
While she played love beneath her stately towers

A knight, with heart as black as was his steel,
And thickly cruised, hard as oldest stone,
Rode up in quest of her, and did intone
His lyric lay full sweet, and prayed her weal:
Nor vain, nor heartless did his notes appeal,
She gave her heart and soul to be his own.

A tale among the highlands now is told,
A tale of woe, heard with the bated breath:
—Of Maid and Demon—(so the story saith)
—A woman drawn to Hell—her spirit sold
To one who wooed her as a knight and bold,
Then led her grimly to the Halls of Death.

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THE STORY OF KHAFATHE LION AND THE QUEEN OF THE AIR

BY
M. M. COUPER.



THE August sun smote mercilessly upon Mr. Theodosius Barnet's Royal Hippodrome and Menagerie. A thick, golden haze shimmered over the long lines of tents and gaily-painted cages, and an all-pervading drowsiness, born of the mid-day meal, lay heavily upon men and beasts. Only the indefatigable monkeys, and Khafa the Lion, resisted the subtle spell. None had ever yet surprised Khafa the Lion sleeping. He was a recent addition to Barnet's Menagerie, and the other beasts looked rather askance at him. There was something unnatural in the way Khafa would lie motionless hour after hour, with the loose skin round his jaws drawn back, gazing straight before him with heavy, lack-lustre eyes. At times he would spring to his feet and walk aimlessly round and round the cage, with his tail switching his lean sides venomously, and a muttering in his deep chest as when the pine trees grumble sullenly under the lash of a gale. Some of the animals in Barnet's Menagerie had been born in captivity, others had been prisoners so long that Time had laid his soothing fingers upon their memories and deadened the bitter

longing for green trees and far-reaching forests, and thus they rather despised the impotent misery which glared unceasingly from Khafa's bloodshot eyes.

It was unfortunate for Khafa that he should possess a peculiarly retentive memory, and a temperament which declined to submit placidly to misfortune.

Khafa had fallen into the error of attributing his capture to the tamer, Gilbert Varne, and to be revenged upon this monster, who came daily into his cage to insult and torment him, was the one thought which seethed in his brain day and night.

Each succeeding day, he trusted, might bring his opportunity, but so surely as Varne entered the cage and looked him in the eyes, so surely Khafa would feel his strength turn to water within him. But he would have patience, and his revenge should be worth waiting for when it came. And meanwhile the fool, the silly, conceited fool, took vast credit to himself for taming Khafa so quickly. Taming Khafa, the king of a hundred waving forests! Khafa laughed aloud at the



"Don't seem fair he should be so down on his luck."

ludicrous notion, and the weird noise disturbed the beasts from their peaceful siesta.

Now it was on the 10th of August that the Queen of the Air accepted Mr. Theodosius Barnet's proposal to join his troupe, and give a limited number of performances of her world-famed flying act. Among the women the advent of the Queen of the Air was regarded with disapproval, a state of mind not uncommon in any profession when the new-comer is young and pretty. But oddly enough only Joe Gethin fell a victim to the Queen's baby-like beauty. Joe was the Queen's

partner in one of her flights, and from the moment he held her tiny spangled form in his arms he laid himself metaphorically at her small feet, to be tolerated or trampled upon, as seemed good in her eyes.

But the Queen of the Air was merciful. To be placed upon a pinnacle and worshipped was very much to the little lady's taste, and in less than a fortnight she had consented to become Mrs. Gethin. From that day a new light dawned in Joe Gethin's honest eyes, the light which burns but once in a lifetime for man or woman. There was no answering ray from the Queen's soul, but Gethin never missed it. Perhaps he was too much dazzled himself to see very clearly, or maybe his eyes were holden. Sometimes Gethin and the Queen of the

Air would stroll together through the menagerie. The animals amused her, the Queen said. Gethin thought it was "rough luck on the poor brutes," but that is neither here nor there. Nevertheless, Khafa, whose eyes were sore with looking for the deliverance which came not, listened and remembered.

"Don't seem fair he should be so down on his luck when we're so jolly," said Gethin one day, as they paused before Khafa's cage.

"How *funny* you are, Joe!" chirped the Queen of the Air. "He's only sulking."

"Poor old chap," went on Gethin,

unheeding; "wish I could let you out."

Joe was in such an exalted mood at the moment that he would gladly have done a kindness to a blackbeetle. But Khafa heard the words and it took all his powers of self-restraint not to hurl himself madly against the bars in answer; he never dared let himself dwell on the fact that just outside his prison walls was freedom, for this reason:—

When he had first come to Barnet's Menagerie he had rushed round the cage and torn at the iron bars until the blood streamed from his lacerated paws, and he had fallen, panting and exhausted, to find that his mad efforts had afforded the other beasts sport for the entire afternoon. Khafa learned then that to give free rein to one's feelings is always a source of amusement to the spectators, and the insolent laughter of the lungoors in the opposite cage still echoed in his brain. Therefore Khafa lay motionless as who should not have understood Get-hin's words. Yet he looked after the retreating figures with no ill-will, the man had doubtless meant well. And thus it was that Khafa the Lion first crossed the path of the Queen of the Air.

"Oh—h—h!" said the Queen of the Air, in a terrified whisper. She had strolled into the menagerie, all unwitting that it was the hour when Khafa endured his daily humiliation. But once there, she stood rooted to the spot, the contest of wills held her fast with an irresistible fascination, and her eyes never left Gilbert Varne's face. His lips were contracted into a thin line, and his black brows met as he gazed from beneath them at Khafa.

When the *mauvais quart d'heure* at last came to an end, and Varne shut the iron door with a clang behind him, the Queen of the Air suddenly burst into tears. Khafa raised his head, and Varne looked sharply round, he had been unaware of a spectator.

"You've no earthly business here at this time of the morning," he said, roughly. He did not recognize the Queen of the Air in this childish figure, holding its hands before its face. The Queen removed her fingers for the space of one moment, and shot a withering glance from her drowned eyes.

Most strangely potent to a man is the spell of blue eyes in a baby face!



The contest of wills held her fast with an irresistible fascination.

Khafa observed Gilbert Varne turn a rich brick colour under his dark skin. He dropped his whip and moved forward awkwardly.

"I'm awfully sorry," he stammered, "I thought it was one of those bloomin' kids—they're always getting in the way."

Two large tears rolled through the Queen's fingers, and she turned a deaf ear to the *amende honourable*.

"I had no idea you were here, or I should *never* have come," she said, scathingly, "and I'm going away now, this moment."

But alas for so much dignity! The Queen's foot slipped on the dry grass, and she would have sprawled ignominiously at Varne's feet if he had not caught her.

"Let me go this minute," said the Queen of the Air, angrily, trying to free one imprisoned hand.

"Why, you're all of a tremble," said Varne, irrelevantly; his eyes were fixed on the Queen's wet lashes, and he bent his head down to the golden curls.

"Did I frighten you?" whispered Gilbert Varne.

The Queen of the Air had been feeling for her handkerchief, and she stole a glance at the fierce black eyes from behind its shelter.

"I—I—thought he was bound to kill you," she sobbed, and Khafa, in the rear, gnashed his teeth to think that she should have been disappointed.

Varne dropped the hand he held without another word, and stood staring like a dummy as the Queen of the Air walked slowly out into the sunshine.

On the first of September Khafa the Lion was to give his first public performance under the direction of Mr. Gilbert Varne. There were flaming posters to this effect placarded on every available blank space, but the fact interested Khafa not at all. At this time he was taking a languid interest in the love affairs of Joe Gethin. Joe had lately been urging the Queen of the Air to name an early date for the wedding, but the Queen demurred, and was all for procrastination, and Khafa noticed that little by

little the light in Joe's eyes was fading. Gethin could not have put his sensations into words, but he was dimly conscious of an intangible something which had come between him and his divinity, and he went about in a chronic state of vague uneasiness. Khafa could have enlightened him, but so unaccountable is the mind of man, that if is doubtful whether Joe would have been grateful to have his ignorance dispelled.

Gilbert Varne had fallen in love with the Queen of the Air, and Khafa knew that the fickle Queen preferred the new love to the old, and he hated her bitterly in consequence. Yes, Khafa could have told Joe much, he could have prated of many whispered words and stolen caresses, but he could not have explained why the Queen of the Air refused to make up her mind between the two men. Perhaps a lingering feeling of remorse when she looked at Joe's manifold gifts fostered her indecision, or perhaps it pleased her to feel her power over Varne, who had become as wax in her tiny hands.

On the morning of the first of September Mr. Theodosius Barnet's Royal Hippodrome and Managerie paraded the town. Khafa's cage was the first in the procession, but Khafa seemed unaware of the honour conferred upon him. He huddled into the furthest corner and his crimson eyes glowered with ceaseless ferocity upon the crowd. Mr. Theodosius Barnet, however, was thoroughly satisfied with the sensation Khafa created, and looked forward with glee to a record house.

Yet as the evening drew on, and the tent began to fill up, Mr. Barnet became nervous and irritable. As usual, half a dozen things went wrong at the last moment; Varne had had a violent quarrel with one of the grooms, and was in one of his blackest tempers, and, to crown all, Joe Gethin had been kicked by a vicious horse, and was limping about with a face the colour of chalk.

Varne sauntered up to the Queen of the Air, who was waiting her turn.

"Wish me luck, won't you?" he said; "I'm next, you know."

The Queen of the Air looked haggard and worn, in spite of having plastered her face thickly with paint. Her blue eyes dilated as he spoke.

"Oh, *do* be careful," she said.

"Yes, a fat lot you'd care if I was snuffed out," said Varne, savagely.

"Oh, I do care! I *do*!" wailed the Queen.

Varne came close to her, his black eyes burning.

and he, too, had daubed his face freely with colour.

"Oh, Joe! how bad you look!" cried the Queen of the Air.

"I'm all right," said Gethin, gruffly; "it's time we went on—are you ready?"

"Yes, I'm ready," said the Queen, faintly.

Joe took her hand, the velvet curtains parted with a flourish, and they stood



Khafia seemed unaware of the honour conferred on him.

"You do?" he said, hoarsely. "Then, by Heaven, I'll make you my wife before you're a month older. I'm sick of this shilly-shallying."

"Oh, go away," begged the Queen of the Air, "please go—I see Joe coming."

"It's time you settled between him and me once for all," said Varne between his teeth, but he obeyed the entreaty in her eyes, and walked off as Gethin hobbled up in his war paint. There were deep lines round his mouth,

together in the ring, smiling at the expectant faces.

Now, pain or no pain, it was inexcusable that Gethin, at the conclusion of the Act, should elect to fall heavily from his trapeze into the net—at least, this was Mr. Theodosius Barnet's opinion. But worse was to follow. The Queen of the Air, whose nerves had gone to pieces, forgot all tradition so completely as to relieve her feelings in a scream.

Gethin, flushing a dull purple under

the rouge, staggered to his feet as quickly as his game leg would allow, but even as he set his foot on the ladder,

The scene was far from reassuring when the attendants rushed up to the cage. Khafa stood triumphantly over



With an awful sound from his throat, Khafa left his first victim and threw himself upon Gethin.

a hideous yell rang out behind the scenes.

It had been arranged that Varne should enter Khafa's cage "off," and he had done so two seconds before Gethin's fall. When the Queen of the Air screamed, Varne started, and glanced involuntarily towards the ring, and Khafa the Lion promptly seized his long-watched-for opportunity.

Varne, with one claw firmly embedded in the man's arm, and a thin red stream was already staining the velvet jacket. Barnet had shouted for the hot iron, but as it was of course not forthcoming, he had gone for a rifle. Meanwhile some of the men tried to beat Khafa off through the bars.

The Queen of the Air never knew how she left the ring and found herself standing before the cage with Gethin.

"Save him, Joe, save him!" she shrieked, clutching Gethin's arm.

A man rushed up with the red hot bar, and Gethin took it from him, and, without a word, opened the door of the cage.

"Go back, fool," roared Khafa, "this is between this man and myself — I have no quarrel with you."

For answer Gethin buried the scintillating red point in Khafa's side, and with an awful sound in his throat Khafa left his first victim and threw him-

self upon Gethin, who went down heavily. Another second, and Khafa the Lion rolled over on his side with a bullet in his brain.

When the two men had been dragged out, Mr. Theodosius Barnet returned to the circus and spoke soothingly to the terrified audience. He said he much regretted that the lion which had been advertised to perform that night, had

become suddenly savage and turned upon his tamer, and he had been obliged to shoot the animal. The man was not much hurt, he thought, and with their permission the performance would now proceed. The audience cheered, and the band struck up "Rule Britannia."

Behind, the doctor who was examining Gethin shook his head. He could do nothing, he said—it would probably be all over in a few hours—he might recover consciousness before the end—he could not say for certain. In Varne's case there were no internal injuries—he would be well in a few days.

"Don't let that child stay," added the doctor, sharply, pointing to the Queen of the Air, who was kneeling in her satin and spangles at Gethin's feet.

"She's his girl," volunteered one of the men.

The doctor lifted his brows and said no more.

All through the long hours the Queen of the Air knelt by Gethin's side, and at length she had her reward, for the brown eyes opened and looked straight into hers. The Queen of the Air bent, and kissed her lover on the lips. The faintest flush mantled in Gethin's face,

and the old light flickered momentarily in the wistful eyes, flickered—and went out.

There were vivid paragraphs in the paper of the horrible scene in Barnet's Menagerie, and the reporter touched sympathetically upon the sad death of a member of the troupe. How should he know that Khafa had rendered his one friend a service beyond all price?

They buried Gethin in the cemetery on the downs; the whole town turned out to see the funeral, and Theodosius Barnet put up a handsome stone. He really felt very grateful to Joe—the unfortunate business had proved an admirable advertisement.

The Queen of the Air married Gilbert Varne exactly one month later. The lungoors say that Varne beats his wife, and that they lead a cat and dog existence, but the lungoors were ever given to tale-bearing.

At times I wonder if it was nothing but coincidence, or whether Khafa the Lion was brought from his far-off kingdom on purpose to fulfil his part in the play. Who shall make answer of these things?

And here endeth the story of Khafa the Lion and the Queen of the Air.



The Brown Harvest of the Fen.

A DAY WITH THE PEAT DIGGERS.

BY RUSSELL RICHARDSON.

THE almost universal use of coal in places where it can be easily obtained the remains of such plants as are generally found there, moss being

perhaps the chief. With the exception of one or two dank places, peat is not now growing in the Fens, and according to that scientific work, "The Fenland Past and Present," it must be concluded that it is of pre-historic date, 6800 years ago being given as the latest possible date of the newest part of the peat in Lincolnshire.

During the proper season of the year, which usually



Peat-digging on Burwell Fen.

doubtless accounts for the little thought given to peat—the fragrant fuel with which the less fortunate dwellers in out-of-the-way parts of the damp Fen or breezy moor have to be content. In many parts of the Fenland peat-digging is extensively carried on, and besides providing for the hardy toilers a means of livelihood it supplies with fuel the villages and farmsteads for miles around.

Peat is a kind of turf which is entirely composed of the remains of plants, and as it is found only in marshy places it naturally consists of

lasts from the commencement of April to the middle of September (though it is somewhat dependent on the weather), peat-digging may be seen in full swing on the great Fens of Burwell and Reach in Cambridgeshire.

Many of the peat-diggers live at Wicken, a pretty village standing on the edge of the celebrated Wicken sedge Fen, which is divided from Burwell Fen by the Wicken Lode (or water-course), the highway on which the peat is conveyed from the peat ground to the village. The peat ground is divided into pieces varying consider-



Peat-digger's Wheelbarrow, Shovel, and Bucket.

ably in size, and the different pieces are usually taken on a lease for a period of three, four, or five years; the lessee of each piece employs what labour he requires to "work" it, and for this he pays by piece-work, so that the more peat a man digs per day the greater will be his wages.

The peat-diggers rise very early, and in the cold grey of the morning they can be heard tramping through the village calling cheerily to their mates. At the head of the lode, on the banks of which the peat stacks stand, a barge lies ready to take them down to "the pits," as the Fenman calls the peat trenches.

A pleasant "Gee-up, Billy," is sufficient to make the smart little donkey on the left bank stop his browsing and step off energetically down the towing-path. The rope which attaches him to

the barge is suddenly drawn taut and the peat-diggers are soon gliding smoothly down the clear water of the lode. One of the men holds a huge beam of wood astern, and this he uses as a rudder to keep the barge in the middle of the stream, whilst another calls out directions to the game little "engine." The scene is a very quiet one, the "lap-lap" of the water against the banks as the barge passes down being the only sound which breaks upon the still morning air, for the mist yet hangs thickly over the Fen and rises up from the water

before and behind, causing the birds to hush the song which they are eager to pour forth in welcome to the first gleam of sunshine. A little less than half a mile from the starting point another lode runs out of the Wicken lode at right angles on the towing-path side. There is no bridge where the lodes join, but the sagacious "Billy," as though anxious to clear his tribe of the charge of stupidity which has so often been brought against it,



Removing Surface Soil

puts forward his big ears and quickens his pace. At the corner he stops, the steersman brings in the barge close to the bank, "Billy" steps wisely on

here and there old-fashioned windmills come into view, bringing with them the reminder that they still have work to do in draining the low-lying Fen by pumping the water up the dikes and smaller lodes which intersect it in all directions. Before the pits are reached the donkey gives further evidence of his cleverness by jumping several fence rails on the towing-path, first waiting a moment until he has sufficient slack rope to make the jump safely. After covering about a mile and a half, "Billy" needs no "Whoa!" to stop him, but falls uninvited to the philosophic discussion of thistles, and the barge is made fast to the bank. The peat-diggers lose no time in getting to work, first placing their baskets containing their breakfasts and dinners in a low, rude, sedge-thatched hut, which forms their only shelter from the terrific thunderstorms which sometimes break over the Fen, and the terrific gales of wind which frequently sweep across it with unrestrained force.

One man is about to open out fresh ground, and for this operation he requires three tools, viz., the spade, shovel, and becket. There is not



Using the Becket.

board, the tow-rope is hauled in and the barge, having sufficient "way" on, soon covers the intervening fifteen yards of water across the mouth of the lesser lode, and "Billy" hops out on to the bank and continues his journey. Out of the tributary lode shoots a small canoe-shaped gun-boat, rapidly propelled by a strong, tall figure, which, though partly shrouded by the mist, still stands out boldly on the sky-line; a few long, regular strokes with his punting-pole, and the Fenman is gone on his way to his cows some miles distant.

Soon the mist lifts, and the glorious sedge Fen on the right becomes alive with joyously singing birds. Every

much difference between the two former and their namesakes used in ordinary labour, but the becket is the peat-digger's chief tool, and it is made somewhat after the fashion of the long, narrow spade used by the navy, but from the blade projects at right-angles a sharp steel "wing" which enables him to dig out the peat in uniform blocks after he has got his trench opened. Before a trench is opened a straight line is secured by means of a pegged string, and the digger then proceeds with his spade to open the ground by removing the surface, which is usually covered with coarse grass, &c. Then with his shovel he clears out the

soil till the peat is reached, all the top soil being laid aside, and afterwards thrown back into the trench. As a general rule the peat is reached after a foot or so of soil has been removed, but this may vary considerably. When the top of the peat has been laid bare, the digger, commencing at one end of the trench, and digging from side to side, cuts straight down with his becket and removes four blocks of dark brown, velvety peat, which he lays neatly on their sides one above the other, at the side of the trench. Each block (or "turf" as the Fenman calls it) measures, when first cut, about 15 inches long, 5 inches wide, and 4 inches deep, so that the width of a trench is about 20 inches. The length of a trench depends on the dimensions of the piece of ground taken, and it may in some cases extend for a distance of 400 yards. As the peat is removed it is no uncommon sight to see the bottom of the trench become quickly covered with water, and the dark peat ground often gleams with long, silvery lines of water - holding

trenches. Sometimes the water becomes so deep that it has to be baled out before the digging can be proceeded with, and when this has to be done the digger generally makes a dam across the trench and then bales the water over it. Fortunately this only has to be done when the ground is very wet indeed, and when the lodes

are so full of water that the peat ground cannot be drained by means of the windmills.

A peat-digger will dig as many as

5,000 blocks in a day, but this figure is considerably reduced by the fact that there are only sixty to "the hundred." In times gone by 120 blocks comprised "a hundred," which was good measure similar to the "baker's dozen," but in those days the blocks were only half the size of the modern ones, which are called "doubles," so that now 60 comprise "a hundred," instead of 120 as formerly. Perhaps it will be well to state that all the figures subsequently given here in reference to the peat blocks are subject to the above proportionate reduction.

When the trench has been dug out the peat-digger has a way of his own for counting the blocks, which are laid out in a long brown line beside the trench, and which are then said to be in the "digging-row." As has already been explained, in digging from side to side of the trench four blocks are taken out and laid one upon the other. Commencing at the second pile of four, and counting every alternate pile, the digger counts up to 78, when he sticks a reed



A Wet Trench.—Baling out the Water.

into the top block, thus marking off "a thousand," and being another instance of his good measure, for having counted

78 eights, he has, of course, marked off 624 (instead of 600, which would constitute "a thousand").

When the peat has remained in the

quent stages they are kept flat. Two blocks (which the peat-digger calls "twoses") are laid on the ground parallel to each other and about three inches apart; above these, in the same relation to each other, but at right angles to the first two, are placed two more, and so on, alternately, until six twos have been so arranged, when three blocks are laid on the top to complete the stack, which is called "a puckle," four of which, of course, make "a hundred."

When they have stood in "the puckle" a fortnight or so they are generally ready for leading or making into big stacks, and the blocks are now always arranged in threes (or "threeses," as the Fenman would say) alternately, as in the puckle, but when the peat is quite dry the blocks are placed close together, and by this time each block will have shrunk to about three quarters of

its original size and be quite ready for use. It is now also comparatively light—very different to the damp, heavy state in which it was first dug, when it would have been impossible to remove the blocks without breaking them. The peat is carried up the lode to Wicken in barges which hold from five to seven thousand blocks each, and it is wheeled from the peat ground to the barges along planks in specially designed wheelbarrows with flat bodies and high backs, each barrow holding two hundred blocks. When the peat has reached Wicken it is sold at 6d. per "hundred" blocks, and its sale extends over a radius of about five miles. On the stack ground there is room for three hundred thousand blocks, and there is always a considerable quantity of peat standing in stacks on the peat ground, as many as four hundred thousand



Stacking the Peat.

digging-row for two or three weeks it is "opened out"—that is, each alternate block is pulled out almost at right angles to the other two, and, being thus more exposed to the air, the drying process is considerably quickened. This work has sometimes to be performed on skeleton clogs which raise the Fenman about seven inches above the ground, for the trenches up which he has at times to walk have, during the wet season, quite this depth of water in them. When the blocks have been opened out they are said to be on the "hook-row."

After they have stood in this manner for a month or six weeks—by which time, if they have dried properly, a white bloom will have appeared on them—they are arranged in little stacks of fifteen, but they are now laid flat instead of edgewise and in all subse-

blocks sometimes remaining on one piece of ground throughout the winter. As the supply of peat at Wicken decreases fresh supplies are brought up from the pits, the barges, with the energetic assistance of "Billy," or one or other of his equally useful relatives, making, when necessary, two journeys a day.

But to return to our peat-digger. From four in the morning, during the summer months, he will dig on contentedly until the same hour in the afternoon. During his two short intervals for breakfast and dinner he has opportunities for admiring his interesting surroundings, and very loyal indeed is the true Fenman to the beauty of the gifts with which kindly Nature has filled the vast space in which he labours. The cry of the stately heron as it leaves the bed of reeds close to his hut; the scream of the plover wheeling round him; the happy songs of hundreds of skylarks in the blue sky above him; the "bleat" of the snipe, as they rise high into the air and rapidly descend again to the marshy ground on which their mates are patiently sitting on several brown and black-marked eggs; the low whistle of the red-shank as it flits over the Fen; the splash of the clumsy wild drake as he drops into a quiet pool amongst the sedge; the incessant hum of innumerable insects; and the flash of gorgeous butterflies and dragon-flies of all colours combine to

make a glorious picture of nature which forms part of the peat-digger's life. No wonder that

With his donkey by his side,
Where quiet waters glide,
He loves the lode where the barges ride.

The peat is not dug to any great depth in one season, in fact, only one layer (that is the length of a block) is taken out during a year, and it will probably be four or five years before the ground is gone over again, by which time the peat, having been for the time mentioned covered with the replaced soil, has become sufficiently dry to be taken up.

In some places in Burwell Fen there will probably be a depth of fourteen feet of peat before the gault is reached though possibly about five feet will be the average depth. Sometimes the gault is found within a foot of the surface, but these instances are very rare, and when they occur they are known amongst the peat-diggers as "Gault-hills."



Crossing the Lode.

During his digging, the peat-digger will sometimes bring to light various relics of the past, amongst which may



In Wicken.

be briefly mentioned pieces of Roman pottery, Celtic instruments of agriculture and warfare, and the bones of the pelican, brown bear, wolf, beaver, and red deer—which carry the mind a long way back.

The average rental of a piece of ground—consisting of five acres, taken for a period of three years—is about £20 per acre for the term, and the average production of such a taking is two million eight hundred thousand blocks.

As will readily be understood, where there is so much low-lying land there is considerable difficulty in the matter of drainage, and although there is a drainage tax of no less than eight shillings per acre on the agricultural and peat ground, the Drainage Commissioners, finding their task more difficult each year the peat is taken out, are now endeavouring to obtain powers to put a stop to the peat-digging.

If this be accomplished (as indeed

seems inevitable) then the work of the Fen peat-digger will be ended, and one cannot help a feeling of regret that the exigency of circumstances should thus rob him of the work that has been his since boyhood. Year by year, from the beginning of April to the end of August, he has spent his days in digging the peat, and, during the remainder of the year, he has been at work dressing, stacking, and leading it, so that he has unconsciously learnt to love the glorious, boundless Fen, with its magnificent skies and sunsets, for he has seen it in all its changing humours and found in it a beauty which he alone can thoroughly understand and appreciate. No hills and valleys are needed to make him a landscape fit to gaze upon, for it is the very flatness of the great tract of country in which even tiny windmills stand out conspicuously on the skyline, which makes for the Fenman the beauty which he loves and which belongs to the Fen alone.





LOVE, THE VICTOR.

Once, far back in the buried years,
 When life was young and gay,
 There came a maid with sunny hair
 And eyes like sapphires, bright and rare,
 And manners blithe and debonnaire,
 Who stole my heart away.

Those happy times with hurrying feet
 Went flying all too fast,
 As o'er the meadows sweet with hay
 We often took our wistful way
 And swore to love, come what come may,
 In vows that did not last.

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We will not blame each other, dear—
 Nay, nay, we both were wrong—
 And now we both are old and free,
 Love once more finds us out, you see,
 And warms our hearts with melody,
 And sings his old sweet song.

So now we two are one again,
 We'll thank our happy lot,
 And let the gloom of weary years,
 With all their sorrows and their fears,
 Their carking cares and blinding tears,
 For ever be forgot.

Gerald Hayward



A Fan Picture.



A BAD IMITATION.

6

By H. J. ESSEX.

THE home cricket-match with Poltimore's was one of the great days of the year at the high-class preparatory school kept by the Rev. John Portford, at Garth House, near Oakington, in Berkshire, though the members of the eleven sometimes thought that they could well dispense with it altogether. The fact was that too much usually depended on the result of their efforts, for Mr. Poltimore had a successful school ten miles off, and between him and Mr. Portford there existed an undying feud, the flame of which was kept burning by the rivalry attached to the two cricket matches played annually between the schools.

There was no particular reason for the feud; the two men were not rivals from a business point of view; but Mr. Portford, who was a precisian, hated Mr. Poltimore's rather free and easy scholastic methods, while Mr. Poltimore had been heard to say in the privacy of his family circle that Mr. Portford was a pompous prig.

And now the latter was pacing his study with gall and bitterness in his heart at the thought that an hour ago the Garth House boys had been beaten on their own ground for the third year in succession by the hated Poltimore's. Mr. Portford was no cricketer himself, but he hated to see his boys beaten, and there were other aggravations. He

had had to sit by Mr. Poltimore for the greater part of the afternoon, and to listen to his pitying comments on the Garth House boys' play, and his somewhat overdone applause to his own side. It was extremely unpleasant to Mr. Portford to hear Mr. Poltimore's chuckle, as wicket after wicket of the home side went down, and his loud shout of "Well bowled, Tomlinson" to the boy who was creating this havoc. He could hardly contain himself when Mr. Poltimore said:—

"You really should teach your boys to play with a straighter bat, Portford. But I forgot. Of course you are not a cricketer."

And when the first two batsmen of the visitors had knocked the most trusted bowling of the Garth House boys all over the field, and Mr. Poltimore's side had become the victors by ten wickets, Mr. Portford's wrath burst forth, and for the moment he forgot himself. To Mr. Poltimore's remark, "Better luck next time, Portford," he had made a remark under his breath, which some people thought devoted luck in general to the keeping of a supernatural being whom it is proper only to mention in the pulpit, and then he had walked off the field. Of course he had come back again and presided over the cheering that followed the match, but, as he paced the study, he felt that

he had not behaved well, and the feeling did not subtract anything from his present irritation.

Suddenly he came to a decision, opened his door, and came out of his room. The boys were at tea, and the murmuring sound of their voices reached him as he came out. He went quickly downstairs, entered the dining-room, and proclaimed silence. Every boy out of the fifty in the room knew that he was in a passion, and fifty apprehensive faces were turned in his direction.

"I wonder that there is a boy in the school," said Mr. Portford, "who has the heart to talk and laugh after such a disgraceful exhibition as that of this afternoon. As to the members of the eleven," he continued, "who have evidently paid so little attention to their instructors in cricket this term, I am reluctantly obliged to take serious measures with them, and I have resolved that, unless they win the forthcoming match with Grasmere House school, no member of the eleven will be allowed the usual *exeat* this term. And I shall explain to their parents that, as they take so little interest in amusements, it would be a pity, even for so short a period, to interrupt their studies."

With these words Mr. Portford left the room, and a simultaneous groan rose from the members of the eleven.

"I call it a beastly shame," said Biggs major, the captain. "How are we going to lick Grasmere House? They've got ten more boys in the school than we have and a new bowler, who bowls like greased lightning. I met a chap the other day, who said he was coming there, and that he bowls swift twisters—things that come in and hit you on the leg, you know," he added thoughtfully.

"Well it's better to get your legs hit than your wicket," said Cropper, a well padded boy.

"I'm not so sure about that," said Biggs, whose shin bones seemed the most developed part of him.

"Well anyway I know the chap you mean," said another boy; "he's my

cousin, and he went to Grasmere House this term, and he's a jolly good bowler and can bat as well. I had a letter from my aunt the other day, and she said he had made 60 not out for Grasmere House in their last match."

"He'll hit our bowling all over the field then," said Biggs, with a sigh, "and we shall get licked again and old Portford will stop our *exeats*. And I particularly wanted mine this term. My eldest brother's coming of age, and we were going to have a regular show and an ox roasted on the lawn and fireworks," and Biggs major, groaned.

"Never mind, old chap," said Cropper, "Perhaps old Portford will forget, and anyway an *exeat's* too short to get much fun in."

"Oh! It's all very well for you, young Cropper," retorted Biggs; "You speak for yourself. You aren't the captain of this beastly eleven, and you haven't got a brother coming of age, and——"

Biggs' sentence was left unfinished, for at this moment the signal that tea was ended was given by the master, and the boys filed out of the dining room to evening preparation.

Biggs, Cropper, and Lemonius—the cousin of the redoubtable bowler of Grasmere House—slept together, and that same night the subject was further discussed in bedroom No. 6. Lemonius was a Greek, the son of a London merchant who was reputed to be fabulously rich, and he was looked up to by the Garth House boys as a person with money and ideas.

"I say, you fellows," he remarked, after a tirade against Mr. Portford and things in general from the despondent Biggs, "I've got a notion."

"What about?" said Biggs.

"About winning this match with Grasmere House."

"What is it?" said Biggs and Cropper simultaneously.

"Well," said Lemonius, "you remember the story in the *Boys' Universe* about Dick the cabin boy, who ran away from home, you know, and afterwards was made an Admiral?"

"What's that got to do with my *exeat*?" growled Biggs.

"Shut up, and don't be so waxy," said Lemonius. "I tell you I've got a notion, but, if you don't want to hear it, don't trouble yourself. I don't require your assistance." Lemonius was fond of long words.

Biggs' curiosity was aroused. "Go on, old chap," he said, "I didn't mean anything."

"Well, it's this," pursued Lemonius. "You remember, when Dick is put ashore in Zanzibar, or some place in America, and has to fight Conky, the black champion of the West, what he does?"

"No! Tell us," said Biggs, interested in the idea of a fight.

"Well! of course he can't lick Conky, because he's only a boy, you know," said Lemonius, "so he gets hold of him the night before, and gives him a drink with some sort of powder in it that makes Conky sleepy, and the next morning Conky's bilious or something, and Dick licks him easily. Well, why shouldn't we do something the same to my cousin?"

"A likely thing," said Biggs, derisively. "I suppose you are going to take the train over to Grasmere House the day before the match and call and ask to see your cousin. And then you will trot out the whiskey, or whatever it was Dick gave Conky, and the powder, and your cousin will drink it off. And what about old Portford and getting away; and how would you get into Grasmere House? And your cousin wouldn't drink whiskey, if you offered it to him—at least I know I wouldn't. It's beastly stuff, not half so nice as sherbet. What rot you talk!" ended Biggs, in disgust.

"All right," replied Lemonius, calmly. "Have it your own way. I wasn't going over to Grasmere House, and I wasn't going to give my cousin whiskey, but I could make him bilious all the same. However, as you don't want to know, you needn't," and Lemonius turned round and prepared for sleep.

Biggs relented. "Don't be waxy,

old chap," he said. "If you aren't going to give him whiskey what are you going to do?"

Lemonius snored.

"I say, Lemonius, go on, there's a good chap," said Cropper, "you might let me hear, and Biggs didn't mean anything."

"No, I didn't mean anything," said Biggs.

"If I go on," said Lemonius, "will you give me that hair-wash bottle you found yesterday? I want to put some wire-worms in it, and see what they live on."

"You can have it," said Biggs.

"My cousin doesn't like whiskey," said Lemonius, appeased, "at least I expect not," he added with a desire to keep to the strict truth, "but he likes cream buns. I know that, because he was searching all over the seaside place we were in last holidays to find an Italian shop where they make them, you know, and he offered to stand me some if I could find a shop where they sold them, but I couldn't," he added, pensively.

"Go on," said Biggs. "What about the buns?"

"Well, what I thought was this," said Lemonius; "I can get my aunt—not the aunt who's my cousin's mother, but another one, much younger—she's such a good sort," he broke off, "I stayed with her the holidays before last, and she's quite young, like a boy, you know, and is up to no end of larks, and lets me do anything I like with the things in the house. I tried that experiment that our science master does with the sugar and the sulphuric acid in her silver sugar basin and it made it all black inside, but she—"

"Oh, never mind all that," said Biggs; "get on about the buns."

"Well, I thought that, if I asked her, she would send me a couple of cream buns to the post-office to be left till called for. I know you can do that, because my pater did it when we were away last summer. And I can get leave from old Portford on the day before the match to go into

the town for something or other, or, if he won't let me go, you or Cropper could manage it. And you know that bottle of Gregory's powder, that I bagged from Miss Spriggs' cupboard

bottom of macaroons—and, if I put some of the powder in two of them, and then put the packets in the middle of the buns, where the cream is thickest, Crowder (that's my cousin's name, you know) would most likely swallow them without knowing. We must risk something."

"But, suppose he opens the bun first, and finds the powder inside?" said Cropper.

"You're a young ass, Cropper," remarked Lemonius. "You don't know what a cream bun is like. It's a soft thing with all the cream oozing out at the top, and it's too sticky to open. And, if he did open it, he wouldn't know where it came from. I am not going to put my name and address inside."

"Well, I

think it's a splendid idea," said Biggs, "you write to your aunt—" but the conversation was interrupted by a hoarse whisper of "*Cave, old Portford!*" from Cropper, and in a moment the room was plunged in silence. The door was opened, and Mr. Portford entered bearing a candle. He looked suspiciously round the room, and then approached Lemonius' bed. Lemonius murmured something, and then feigned to start out of a deep slumber.

"Ha, Lemonius," said Mr. Portford with heavy affability, "I heard a sound of talking just now, and thought it pro-



I say, Lemonius, you are a chap, but Gregory's powder tastes."

in the dark, thinking it was sherbet. Well, if we mixed some of that with the cream in the buns, and then sent them on to my cousin, so that he got them on the morning of the match, he'd eat them, don't you know, and I expect he wouldn't come to play that afternoon. I've had Gregory's powder myself. What do you think of it, Biggs?"

"I say, Lemonius, you *are* a chap," said the admiring Biggs—"but Gregory's powder tastes."

"I thought of that," said Lemonius, "but I've got some of those paper things—the things they put on the

ceeded from this room. I see I was mistaken. Go to sleep again, my boy. Good night."

"Good night, sir," replied Lemonius, apparently struggling with a desire to slumber again as quickly as possible.

When Mr. Portford's footsteps could be heard retiring down the passage, a muffled snigger came from the other two beds, and a murmur came from Biggs' direction—

"I say, Lemonius, you *are* a chap."

The next day was spent in whispered colloquies between the three conspirators, and in the evening a letter was dispatched to Lemonius' aunt asking for the buns, and that they might be sent so as to arrive on the following Friday—the day before the match with Grasmere House. A favourable answer came in due course, and Biggs, Cropper, and Lemonius hugged themselves with joy.

"What a brick your aunt must be," said Cropper. "I wish I had one like her. My aunts never send me anything but birthday books, and those silly little pocket-books with calendars and a tin pencil in them. Last birthday one of them gave me a purse," he added with contempt, "they don't seem to understand what a chap wants."

"You can't expect much from women," remarked Lemonius.

The eventful Friday came, and the excitement of the three conspirators was intense. It was with a pale face that Lemonius went up to Mr. Portford after dinner and asked if he could go into the town that afternoon to buy a birthday present for his sister—a request that was to some extent justified by the fact that he did propose to do this in addition to the execution of the more important project.

It was the rule at Garth House that the elder boys were allowed to go into the town on leave, but they were forbidden to buy sweets. It is a sad thing to have to say of human nature, but it was not an unusual thing for boys who had been on such expeditions to inquire of their fellows, when they returned to the playground,

whether any remains of tarts or gingerbread were observable round the corners of their mouths. Mr. Portford, however, was ignorant of this, and supposed that his orders were implicitly obeyed.

He was not in a good temper that afternoon, but Lemonius was a favourite of his, and he gave the required permission.

"Oh, and Cropper," he said, as the boys were leaving the dining-room, "you had better go down with Lemonius. Your hair wants cutting."

This was unlooked-for luck, and the delighted Cropper blessed the state of his head. Biggs looked at him with envy, and wished he were going too, especially as Mr. Portford had invited his attendance in the study directly after dinner. Such interviews were sometimes attended with unpleasant results, and, though Biggs could not call to mind any particular reason why he should be summoned there to-day, he was not looking forward to his afternoon.

Lemonius and Cropper hurried off immediately, and were soon on their way to the post-office. On arriving there they spent some moments in debate, as to which of them should face the young lady behind the counter and ask for the parcel, Cropper arguing that it was Lemonius' parcel and that therefore it was his business to go in and fetch it, and Lemonius that, as Cropper had taken no trouble in the business before, he ought to undertake the unpleasant task. The dispute was ended by Cropper, who, as Lemonius was gazing through the glass swing doors, gave him a violent push, which precipitated him head foremost into the office. Cropper thereupon ran round the corner as fast as possible, and waited for his friend to reappear.

In a few moments Lemonius came out bearing the coveted parcel, and after a short skirmish brought about by his desire to avenge himself for the insult received, it was arranged between the two that Cropper should get his hair cut as quickly as possible, while Lemonius purchased something



Cropper gave him a violent push which precipitated him head foremost into the Office.

at the toy shop for his sister. The two boys were then to meet at a given spot near the town on the road home. The parcel could be opened there, the powder, which Lemonius had in his pocket, inserted, and then they could re-direct the parcel, which would be taken back to the post-office by Cropper to avoid any occult suspicion on the part of the young lady. When Cropper arrived at the trysting place, which they had chosen purposely—though it was on the way to the school—because it was the only quiet road in the neighbourhood,

he found Lemonius already there, and they proceeded at once to open the parcel. An exclamation of delight broke from the two as the cover of the box was taken off, and four buns were disclosed to view.

"Your aunt is a brick," said Cropper.

"Yes," answered Lemonius. "Take one."

Two of the buns speedily disappeared from view. When they were disposed of, Cropper looked at the remaining two, and then at Lemonius.

"Were we going to send *two* to your cousin?" he inquired.

"That was the idea," said Lemonius, but I don't see much good in it. It would be a pity to make young Crowder too ill. Let's halve another."

When this had also disappeared, Lemonius looked at his watch.

"I say," he remarked, "we had better hurry up. We've only got three quarters of an hour to pack this up and get back to afternoon school."

"Well, look sharp and put the powder in," said Cropper.

"I say," said Lemonius again, as he made his preparations, "wouldn't it be better to put the powder in one of the corners, where the bun's thinner? He'll bite larger pieces out of the edge, and he's less likely to see it there."

After some argument this course was decided on. The two were sitting on a bank by the side of the road where it made a sharp turn with their faces looking down the road towards the school, and in their intentness on the insertion of the powder they did not

hear footsteps coming from the direction of the town round the corner behind them. The powder had just been inserted carefully in a soft place near the edge of the bun and the hole neatly filled in with cream, which Lemonius was smoothing over with an inky finger, when Cropper looked up and was transfixed with horror to see Mr. Portford and Biggs standing in the road below and gazing up at them.

"What a lark it is," remarked Lemonius with a chuckle, "and won't young Crowder——" and then he looked up and was transfixed.

The first idea of both was that Biggs had betrayed them, but a glance at his face was enough. He was equally stricken. The fact of the matter was that Biggs' mother had written to Mr. Portford requesting that he should be furnished with a new suit of clothes, and Mr. Portford had required his presence in the study, as before mentioned, to tell him of this fact. He had then brought him down with him to the town to choose the cloth and be measured. They had not happened to meet Lemonius and Cropper, and were now on their way home.

"What have you got there, Lemonius?" asked Mr. Portford in a voice that boded the worst.

Lemonius looked hopelessly at Cropper as if to read in that worthy's face some satisfactory answer to the question.

"Come, sir," said Mr. Portford.

The case was beyond prevarication. "A bun, sir," said Lemonius.

"And what were you proposing to do with a bun, sir?" asked the headmaster.

"I—I don't know, sir," stammered Lemonius.

"I can tell you, sir: you were going to eat it," said Mr. Portford, as if buns were made for some other purpose; "you and Cropper were going to eat it, and you have had others. I can see the evidence on your chin."

Lemonius was speechless.

"And it was on this indigestible and sticky mass," pursued Mr. Portford,

"that you have expended the pocket money so generously allowed you by an indulgent father. I am ashamed of you, sir, and also of you, Cropper, for joining in this surreptitious greed. I will take care that neither of you has an opportunity of paying further visits to the pastrycook. You will walk on, now, with me to the school, and I shall deal with you further when we arrive there."

In spite of their misfortunes it was a relief to the two culprits, and also to Biggs, to find that the presence of the bun was attributed to a visit to the pastrycook's, and that Mr. Portford had not noticed the parcel. All four walked on towards the school, Mr. Portford still holding the bun in his hand. Presently he looked at it.

"What am I to do with this?" he said. "It would be wasteful to throw it away, and I do not want to take it home." He gazed at it reflectively. "Why not?" he remarked. "Biggs, you are a healthy boy. You shall eat it, and it will be an added punishment to these two gluttons"—he looked severely at Lemonius and Cropper—"to see someone else eat what they were doubtless keeping to the last as a tit-bit. Here you are, my boy. It does not look unappetising," continued Mr. Portford, who was fond of sweets himself, and had forgotten his former strictures on the bun's appearance.

Biggs received it with a face of agony. He made frantic efforts to grasp the situation, and, looking round the large form of Mr. Portford, he vainly tried to read in the countenances of his friends whether it was safe to attack the delicacy or not. He saw something like a grin pass over Lemonius' face as he stretched round, but it was instantly suppressed as Mr. Portford turned towards that unfortunate, and Biggs could not be sure of its meaning. Were the powdered buns in the packet which he had seen lying on the bank, and was this an odd one which Lemonius had kept out to eat himself; or did this contain——? But the thought was too horrible. He had read some old volumes of the Newgate

Calendar that were lying about at home, and he vividly recalled a scene of death by poisoning that he had read in one of them. One thing was certain; he would have to eat the bun. When Mr. Portford enjoined a thing, there was no possibility of refusing and what excuse could he give? He, looked tentatively at the hateful thing, and Mr. Portford noticed his hesitation.

"You need not be afraid, Biggs," he said, affably. "I see what you are thinking of. You do not like to take your companions' sweetmeat. The feeling does you credit, my boy, but you need have no hesitation when I tell you to proceed."

There was nothing for it but to begin, and Biggs took heart of grace, remembering that, if the powder were there, it would be in the middle of the bun. He made a plunge at one of the edges.

"That's well," said Mr. Portford; "is it nice?"

"Yes, thank you, sir," answered Biggs.

A choked sound came from the other side of the headmaster. Mr. Portford turned sharply. "Is there anything the matter with you, Cropper?" he inquired.

"No, sir," said Cropper, whose face was a bright scarlet: "something in my throat, sir."

"Either swallow it or cough it up, then, sir," said Mr. Portford, "but do not make these unseemly gurglings."

"No, sir," replied Cropper, burying his face in his handkerchief.

Biggs seized this opportunity, while Mr. Portford's attention was engaged on the other side to put his forefinger in the middle of the bun and twist it round to see if he could find the packet. There was nothing there, and Biggs felt that he was saved. He attacked the bun with renewed confidence, and it was really very nice, he thought. He passed the middle with safety and took large bites.

"Well, Biggs," said Mr. Portford, benignly, "I see that you are enjoying yourself. This will be some little return to you for having had to spend the afternoon away from your companions."

There was another sound on the headmaster's left, but when he glanced round, the faces of Cropper and Lemonius merely bore a look of chastened humiliation. The party was now nearing the school, and Biggs took his last mouthful. He had just put his teeth into it when he became aware of a most nauseating taste.

"O Lord," he muttered, "it's there after all," and he transferred the mouthful to his cheek, where it bulged out and gave him the appearance of a person with the toothache. He refrained from swallowing and gazed helplessly at Mr. Portford, who was discoursing on the prospects of tomorrow's match. He was resolved, at any cost, to get rid of the obnoxious matter, and was getting out his pocket-handkerchief in order to eject it as decently as might be, when Mr. Portford looked at him.

"Really," said Mr. Portford, "it ought not to be necessary to teach boys of your age how to eat properly. Don't put your food in your cheek, boy, swallow it down at once."

Biggs was speechless, but his face still bulged, and he choked feebly as the abominable taste began to make itself felt more strongly.

"What is the matter with the boy?" said Mr. Portford. "Is he suffocating?" and he gave the luckless Biggs a smart slap on the back.

Biggs gulped and swallowed, the horrible savour in his mouth being accompanied by a horrified wonder in his mind as to the amount of powder that had been inserted by his unsympathetic friends whose faces he could see suffused by the hue of suppressed emotion.

"Is it gone?" asked Mr. Portford.

"Yes, sir, it's gone," said Biggs, in a hollow voice.

By this time the party had arrived at the school gates and bidding Lemonius and Cropper come with him, and telling Biggs to make haste and get ready for afternoon school, as he was going to take the first form in person, Mr. Portford went in. His interview with Lemonius and his friend

inside was short, but decisive, and, ten minutes afterwards, he entered the schoolroom to take the form of upper boys. He was soothed by his recent exertions, and he looked at the form with a benignant smile.

"You have been doing the third epode of Horace? Very well. Our friend Biggs will begin."

Biggs rose in his place, and his face was pale. He began in the droning voice affected by schoolboys when translating the classical tongues. His inward parts already felt the influence of the insidious powder, and he wondered vaguely, as he mechanically repeated his bald translation of the piece before him, what would be the feelings of Mr. Portford and his fellow scholars if he should drop down and expire before their eyes. He felt that if he did so it would be a just punishment for the ambush he had laid for the innocent Crowder. If he were spared this time, he thought, never again would he indulge in such nefarious practices. He forgot for a moment where he was, and stopped translating, and was only roused from his reverie by the voice of Mr. Portford sternly ordering him to continue. The room began to dance before his eyes, but he manfully took up his parable again, though he felt that each moment would be his last. By some fate the very ode that he was translating bore upon his own evil case.

"*Quid hoc veneni*—what is this poison"—he stammered, "*savit*—that rages." He looked helplessly at Mr. Portford and stopped.

"Go on," said the headmaster, "the translation is quite accurate."

"*Savit*—that rages," continued the unfortunate captain of the eleven, "*in præcordiis*—in my bosom. *Num*—is it," but Biggs could continue no longer. His face was of a greenish pallor, and he groaned feebly, as the book fell from his hand and he sank back upon the form.

"If you please, sir," he stuttered, "I don't feel very well."

"Dear me," said Mr. Portford, "you certainly look unwell. I am afraid that bun must have upset you. You had better go to Miss Spriggs and ask her to give you something. Some Gregory's powder would be the thing, I expect." Biggs gasped.

Lemonius had put a liberal dose of powder in the bun, and we will draw a veil over Biggs' sufferings during the rest of that day and the next. It is enough to say that the match against Grasmere House had to take place without him. Whether it was owing to his absence or to the superior bowling of Lemonius' cousin cannot be known, but the Garth House boys had to submit to another defeat. After the failure of their scheme, the three conspirators had made up their minds to this result beforehand, and when the news was brought to Biggs on his bed of sickness he took it with resignation, merely remarking that he was an unlucky beggar.

On the following day, however, to the intense surprise of the eleven, Mr. Portford made the announcement, at breakfast, that, as Biggs had been unable to play on the preceding day, and the eleven had therefore been deprived of their captain, he did not think it quite fair to hold to his original decision, and that the boys would be allowed their *exeat*s as usual.

The fact was that Mr. Portford, who was really a kind-hearted man, had repented of his hasty edict for some days and was only too glad of a reasonable excuse to rescind it.

So Biggs saw the ox roasted and partook of it, and took a prominent part in letting off the fireworks, and, as he gratefully remarked to Lemonius on his return, "It is all owing to that jolly old powder after all."

"Yes," said Lemonius, thoughtfully, "but I wish Crowder had had some too: he bowled me first ball in the match, and he's such a cocky young beast."



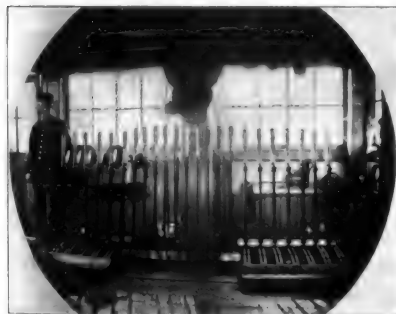


THE WONDER OF THE WORLD.

BY COLSTON MOORE.



Exterior View of Stewart's Lane Junction, Baltimore, L. B. & S. C. R., in 1900. Early instance of "Interlocking," Preventing Collisions Between Trains at Junctions

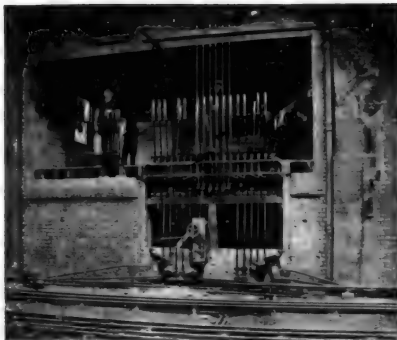


Interior Stewart's Lane Junction Cabin in 1900, showing Interlocked Levers which work Points and Signals shown above.

PEOPLE of to-day take all things for granted; they never doubt and but seldom wonder. If told the most incredible of stories, they believe, and very probably never inquire as to its authenticity. We have, in fact, grown into a very bad habit of taking things for granted, never questioning their origin, their reason, or their claim to existence. Such apathy does not tend to improvement, for only by inquiry, and that of a prolonged nature, can advancement come. Take for instance that wonderful system known as train signalling. There are few, if any, things more wonderful, and yet few, very few, people know its origin or how it works.

I have studied some of the largest signalling stations of Great Britain, and will endeavour here to explain the working of a line of railway.

I will startle you first. Everybody knows Liverpool Street Station, and the com-



The "Hole-in-the-Wall," Victoria Station, Pimlico, in 1900, the Wonder of that Age. Colonel Yolland, one of the Board of Trade Inspectors at that time, remarked: "If anyone wants to see what can be done in Railway Signalling, let him go to the 'Hole-in-the-Wall.'"

plicated network of lines over which the train travels in approaching it, and consequently everybody must know how numerous are the points at and approaching that station.

Each pair of points (or the joining together of two sets of rails) is worked in conjunction with the signals, and properly interlocked. When everything is in ordinary work, from seven to eight men per day of 24 hours are required for each cabin, but when alterations have to be made involving the practical abolition of the interlocking system, something like two hundred men per day are necessary for working the traffic, the trains being allowed to proceed only at very slow speed.

From this a pretty good idea can be obtained as to the value of the interlocking system as in use to-day, and the state we should now be in if it had never been brought to light.

To the first station-master on the Stockton and Darlington Railway is due the credit of inventing the earliest railway signal. It took the primitive form of a rushlight placed, during the night, in the station window whenever it was necessary to stop a train. In the daytime a man was used to shout and signal by very vigorously waving his arms, and

not infrequently the confusion arising was too ludicrous for modern people to well imagine.



The Largest "Interlocking" Frame in the World—200 Levers in one Cabin. London Bridge Terminus, L.B. & S.C.R. One of the marvels of the age.



Latest up-to-date Interlocking Lever Frame showing the interlocking gear, usually not seen by the public.

The mechanical semaphore signal now so generally in use has rapidly superseded all others. It was introduced by Sir Charles Gregory in 1841. The original semaphore showed three signals, "all right," "slacken speed," and "danger." If the arm hung vertically, and was concealed by the post, "all right" was denoted. A slope of 45 degrees denoted "slacken speed," and when raised horizontally, "danger" was indicated. Soon the "slacken speed" signal was found to be useless.

It is interesting to note that the rule of the rail in every way corresponds to the rule of the road, the driver of any train approaching the signal post has only to consider the arms on the left-hand

side of the post. Arms are painted red on the side by which trains approach. The other side is painted white, not khaki, to be as nearly as possible invisible.

All railway systems of signalling are nowadays worked on the block principle, which is briefly as follows. The line of rails is divided up into sections by signal posts. Supposing an engine to have passed a signal and the arm behind it to be now indicating "Danger." Supposing also the signal arm in front also denotes "danger," to all intents and purposes that engine is shut out from the rest of the world's traffic. It cannot go forward, it cannot retreat. It is also secure, for nothing can approach it either way. When the arm in front indicates "all right," then and then

only can it proceed. This seems very simple, and, in fact, it is; but on this depends the working of the railways of the world and the safety of thousands



Brighton Terminus—900 Levers all in a row.



Battery Hill, Great Indian Peninsula Railway, India, where trains cross the mountains by the "Zig-Zag." Should a driver disregard the signals, instead of running down the hill, the train is by means of the interlocking turned up the bank seen on the left of the picture.

of human lives. Such is the "Block System."

The interlocking system previously referred to may be shortly described as follows:—

The points which transfer trains from one line of rails to another, and the semaphore signals which indicate to the drivers the direction in which they are about to be sent, are all worked from the interior of a signal cabin by means of levers or other appliances. It is obvious, therefore, that it is of the utmost importance that the semaphore signals should indicate to the drivers with absolute correctness the position in which the points have been placed, and the

interlocking system is that which accomplishes this most desirable result: the signals and the points are so interlocked together that they can only be worked in harmony, and the indications given by the signals must always correspond with the position in which the points are set.

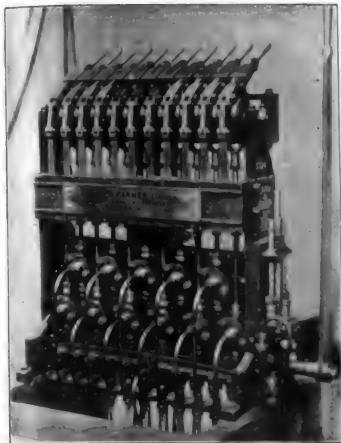
Prior to the invention of this most important system of interlocking, collisions between trains were of frequent occurrence, and the list of killed and wounded frequently exceeded the result of a modern battle.

Truly peace has its victories as well as war, and one of the most important victories was that gained by Mr. Saxby, the inventor of the interlocking system and the founder of the firm of Saxby and Farmer, Ltd., whose system is in use at the important London stations and all over the world.

I am indebted to them for much



Victoria Station, Bombay, Great Indian Peninsula Railway, one of the most beautiful Railway Stations in the World.



Power system of working and locking Points and Signals by hydraulic apparatus new method of signalling: "a great reform"—"reducing labour"—"increasing security" and "saving expense"—"automatic action."

valuable information and for my illustrations.

Of course Mr. Saxby met with great opposition, as do all innovators. Forty years ago it was asserted that no railway could be worked if the interlocking system was adopted—the value of that system for saving life and for economy in working cannot well be more clearly demonstrated than by the particulars given above with reference to the number of men required with interlocking and without—but he pegged away and met, as in the end all true genius must, with unqualified success.

Our illustrations will show the magnitude to which the interlocking system has grown.

One has read a great deal

lately about the delinquencies of some of our southern lines of railway, but to one of them, namely, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, is due the credit of having fostered the adoption and development of the interlocking system, for it was on that railway that that important system was first used.

This twentieth century is no doubt a utilitarian age, but we venture to think and to hope that the aesthetic view is not altogether lost sight of in this country, and that in future some improvement may take place in the appearance of our railway stations, as well as other buildings. The action of the London County Council in obtaining designs for the buildings to be erected in the new "Great Central



The Tower Bridge Signalling and Interlocking on the hydraulic system. Bridge open for River traffic; semaphore lowered, authorizing boats to pass the Bridge.

Avenue" (a good name, by-the-by) to be constructed from Holborn to the Strand leads us to hope that some improvement in the appearance of our streets may shortly take place.

As regards our railway stations, we do not at present shine in comparison with other countries. Compare the courtyard and façade of Victoria Station, Pimlico, with the illustration we give of the Victoria Station, Bombay, of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Company, which is one of the handsomest, if not altogether the handsomest, railway station in the world. The only point of similarity be-

tween the two Victoria Stations is that they are both equipped with the "Saxby and Farmer" interlocking system. Is it the effect of the climate, we wonder? Perhaps so. Our other London railway stations, such as Cannon Street and Charing Cross, may be large, but we cannot call them handsome. Probably when the time for re-building them comes round their appearance may be improved. It is to be hoped so. That we have good architects in this country no one can or does doubt—perhaps it is the financial question that stops the way. Alas, it may be, and probably is so.

~*~ LIFE. ~*~

Open eyes
In surprise
Childish wonder.
Broken toys,
A little noise,
Many a blunder.

Then we walk
And we talk,
Growing bolder;
Many fears,
Many tears,
We are older.

Then one night
Of delight
Brings a lover,
Oh, what bliss!
For we kiss
One another.

And we stand
Hand in hand,
All forgiving.
This is real,
If ideal,
This is living.

Happy child
Unbeguiled,
All believing,
We must part,
Oh, my heart,
This is grieving.

All in vain
Is the pain
Of to-morrow.
We must smile
And beguile,
Through our sorrow.

Hope deferred,
Just a word,
And a greeting,
Then a sigh,
And a cry—
Life is fleeing.

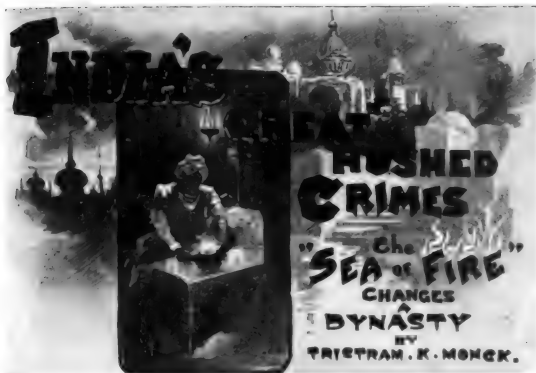
Then one day
Far away,
Old and tired—
It is best—
Comes the rest
Long desired.

Come not near,
Just a tear,
Day is dawning,
Birds will sing
Of the Spring
In the morning.

Do not weep,
Bury deep,
All the sadness;

This is life,
This is strife,
This is madness.

G. M. B.



AMONG the heirlooms belonging to the Nawab of Bhur is the "Sea of Fire," a ruby of gigantic size.

According to tradition, Vishnu the Holy gave it to Gunjat Sing, the third Nawab, as an especial mark of favour. Thus it is that the sacred ruby is regarded by the rulers of Bhur in an ultra-superstitious light, the legend having it that, once the "Sea of Fire" is lost, if even for an hour, the Nawab will die suddenly and the person nearest him at the time of his decease will assume the reins of Government. The last Nawab, Ranji Sing, possessed but three trusty friends: the first, Yali Sing, the captain of the guard; the two others, oddly enough Englishmen, Harold Byng and Clement Hawes, both members of the Indian Police. So friendly indeed were the relations existing between the two latter and Ranji Sing that the British Government deputed them on more than one occasion to be its ambassadors on matters requiring the most delicate and diplomatic handling.

Thus it came about that the two chums were entertained at the Nawab's expense during one of their furloughs. Two days had elapsed since their

advent at the palace, during which feast had succeeded pageant, then came the change.

On the third morning, Ranji Sing greeted them with a frown lowering his dusky face.

"Peace be with you, my brothers," he said, gravely, extending both his hands.

"And with your house," replied the Englishmen.

"I thank you, but my heart is heavy," exclaimed the Nawab, casting a rapid glance round the empty chamber. "A great calamity has befallen me. Vishnu's sacred gift, the 'Sea of Fire,' has been stolen, after having lain untouched in its golden casket for a thousand years!"

"Stolen? Impossible!" cried Byng, stupefied.

"Since it has gone, how can it be impossible?" exclaimed Ranji Sing, with a slight inflexion of impatience in his voice.

"Yet the door leading into the treasure chamber is guarded night and day! Where were the guards?"

"Motionless and stupefied by the effect of drugs," cried the Indian Prince, angrily. "They are now motionless from the effect of steel."

"Whom do you suspect," inquired Hawes.

"How can I tell?" The Nawab spread out his arms appealingly. "My servants are as true as steel. You, my

his claim, and soldiers can ever be bribed——" He paused, then continued, wildly, "Oh, the curse! the curse! I have no wish to die! I fear death, for I am not yet old."

Byng smiled commiseratingly; that such superstition should exist in the nineteenth century annoyed him.

"Brother, why do you smile?" cried the Nawab, warmly. "Why do you discredit the legend—the curse prophesied by Vishnu the Holy. My brothers, I discredit not the sayings of your Gods; why should you, then, the prophecies of mine?"

"Do you believe, then, because the ruby is stolen, your life will be forfeit?" demanded Byng.

"Undoubtedly. When the city hears of it there will be a revolt. Bhur will become a scene of riot, anarchy, and rapine. But I shall not die alone, for I will wring the secret of its secretion from the lips of Ramtha Lal, ere the sun is older by an hour."

The Nawab strode out of the chamber to give orders to the captain of his guard, with the result

that a few minutes later a troop of horsemen galloped out of the palace courtyard and down the city street, being soon lost to view amid a whirlwind of dust. Inside an hour they returned, bringing with them the uncle of the ruler of Bhur.

The citizens greeted him with hoots and howls, for somehow from some unknown source, the townsfolk had been apprised of the theft, the crime being laid, by the same source, at the door of Ramtha Lal.

Ranji Sing, with his two English



"The Sea of Fire" has been stolen

brothers, are as myself. My wives have neither the desire or use for such a jewel. Tell me who remains on whom I can fix suspicion?"

Hawes shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly.

"Stay!" cried Ranji Sing, his dark face lighting with a fierce glow. "There is my uncle! He alone could benefit by the theft. Knowing the curse which the loss of that jewel would bring down on my head, he would aspire to be ruler of Bhur at my decease. Azim is too young to dispute

friends, waited in the Hall of Audience, listening apprehensively to the ever-increasing sound of revolt without in the town, till the prisoner was brought in, protesting against his arrest.

"Ramtha Lal," exclaimed the Nawab, coldly, "produce the 'Sea of Fire,' and I, out of my infinite goodness, will pardon you."

Had a bomb exploded at the prisoner's feet, his face could not

In an access of passion the Nawab rose to his feet, pointing towards his uncle denunciatorily. Ramtha Lal staggered like a drunken man.

"The accusation is false!" he cried, thickly.

"False!" echoed Ranji Sing, furiously, half rising from his seat. "Once again, ere my mercy ebbs too far—produce the sacred ruby."

"I cannot produce what I have not."



"Behold the thief of Vishnu's priceless gift."

have portrayed more blank amazement.

"I have the sacred ruby?" he cried, stupified. "What jest is this? I knew not even that it was lost."

"There is no jest in my mouth to-day, O you who married my father's sister!" cried Ranji Sing, sternly. "You lie when you say that you knew it not! Have you not ears to hear the shouts of a people stirred nigh unto revolution by the loss of the 'Sea of Fire'? Vishnu's priceless gift has been stolen and its thief is—you!"

"Tie him with thongs in the courtyard," exclaimed the Nawab, fiercely, sinking into his chair. "Away with him!"

In obedience to his commands the wretched man was led away, and Ranji Sing, accompanied by Byng and Hawes, went on to the verandah, the former being greeted with hoots and howls from the enraged populace, who needed but a leader to rifle the palace.

Below in the courtyard five guard were driving in as many stakes. When this was accomplished, they attached

to each stake a long strip of green hide, then, stripping Ramtha Lal, they swathed him in the hide of a newly-slaughtered ox and laid him flat on his back, fastening him securely to the afore-mentioned strips of raw hide.

The fury of the populace was momentarily appeased, and Ranji Sing, taking advantage of the lull in the public feeling, cried:—

"Ere a week has elapsed, O my people, I, the protected of Vishnu, will regain the lost jewel. To-night I go to pray at Vishnu's grotto."

The word pleased the crowd, the Nawab ceased to be the target for their insults and threats, Ramtha Lal assuming that role.

"Once more, O my uncle, I ask you out of the goodness of my heart to produce the Sacred Ruby, ere the sun causes you the agony reserved to those accursed by Vishnu," cried the Nawab.

"I cannot produce it, for I am innocent of your charge," replied the wretched victim of a fearful torture.

"Die then, for I have spoken for the last time!"

Ranji Sing folded his arms and unmoved watched the fierce sun play on the raw hides, contracting them and causing the skins to kink in ridges, hard as iron and sharp as razors. Inch by inch, the strips which tied his feet, hands, and head to their respective posts, contracted, dragging the limbs of the sufferer from their sockets, and contracting the throat to strangulation point.

An hour elapsed before Ramtha Lal passed away from the effects of strangulation, loss of blood and sunstroke.

Sick at heart, Byng and Hawes retired to their rooms, nor did they leave them any more that day.

In the night, however, Byng was seized with an uncontrollable inclination to roam. Accustomed to gratify his whims, he forthwith proceeded to put his idea into execution, and for the best part of an hour wandered idly about in the dark, clad only in his pyjamas, chance at last guiding his footsteps to the Nawab's apartments.

From beneath the heavy curtains shielding the entrance streamed a light, and Byng, by nature curious, cautiously pulled aside a portion of the portières, and peering in, perceived a sight which caused him to gasp with amazement. At a low, square table in the room sat Ranji Sing, whilst before him, gleaming ruddily in the light of the swing lamp, lay the missing jewel, "*The Sea of Fire.*"

For a moment he stared as though doubting his very senses, then crept cautiously and rapidly away in the direction of Hawes' chamber.

His chum was not a whit more surprised than he, and after holding a hurried consultation together, Hawes went in search of Yali Sing, whom after a brief absence he returned with.

"I hear," said Yali, salaaming very low, "that I have the honour to be considered worthy of being the recipient of a great confidence."

"Yes," replied Byng, shortly. "But first swear complete secrecy."

"May canker rot my lips ere they utter a syllable!" The Indian drew himself up to his full height and stood at attention.

"Yali Sing," said Byng, slowly, "The '*Sea of Fire*' has been discovered."

The Captain of the Guard started. "Found!" he cried, almost excitedly. "By whom?"

"By myself! And I also know the thief's name."

"Now may Vishnu bless you, O Englishmen!" cried Yali Sing. "Who is this thief?"

"The Nawab of Bhur," replied Byng, measuredly.

"What!" The Indian reeled backwards in surprise, then sinking into the chair, buried his head in his hands.

"I almost feared it!" he cried, hoarsely, at length, raising his head. "Ranji Sing has of late been in pecuniary straits, his extravagance and love of grandeur have ruined what at its best was never a wealthy state. The ruby was the most valuable jewel in his collection, and he stole it with the view——"

"Of selling it!" broke in Hawes.

"Precisely. Of late many jewels have been stolen, but the thief has never been discovered. The theft of the 'Sea of Fire' has, however, brought matters to a crisis, and to avoid detection or death at the hands of a mad-dened nation he caused Ramtha Lal to suffer for his crime ——"

Yali rose slowly to his feet. "Ranji Sing has ever been to me as a brother. It pains me to the heart that on me falls the sad duty of arresting him in the name of the State! You, his accuser, must come with me. Have no fear, no harm shall befall you."

"I am not afraid," said



Byng. "You need not make his guilt public ——"

"It must be made public," replied Yali Sing, sternly. "It is justice."

Silently they followed the Indian from their chamber to the hall, where the

"Yes, sooner, it is I!"

guard lay in case of emergency. There Yali called their chieft to his side, and acquainted him of the facts already detailed, asking him to accompany him with four soldiers to the apartments of the Nawab.

"Of what use will it be?" returned the other stolidly. "His Highness left the palace some short time ago, on a fleet horse, for the Sacred Grotto."

"Gone!" echoed Yali Sing, amazed. "To horse, then! Ranji Sing has not gone to Vishnu's grotto. It is a subterfuge to gain time, for he has fled the country. To horse! the sacred ruby must not be for ever lost to Bhur!"

In an incredibly short space of time Yali Sing, with Byng and Hawes at the head of some two hundred horse, galloped through the town and out into the murky country, arriving at the frontier at midday. Here Yali Sing dismissed his followers, and accompanied only by Hawes and Byng, continued his chase, picking up news of his quarry on the way.

At Burduan the Nawab sought to sink his personality by dressing as a fakir, but the lynx-like intelligence of Yali Sing penetrated the disguise, and he tracked him like a bloodhound to Calcutta.

For days Yali Sing watched the unsuspecting Nawab. Unknown to

the latter, he overheard him bargain with the head of a great jewel firm, and arrange to bring him the jewel that night. With stealthy footfall he followed Ranji Sing to his house and patiently awaited his exit.

Once again he followed him down the highways and purlieus till he reached a desolate alley, then Yali slipped on a stone. The noise caused Ranji Sing to turn; the next instant the Indian's sinuous hands were round his throat.

"Yali!" he gasped, trying to disengage the suffocating grip.

"Yes, traitor, it is I!" replied Yali Sing, as, contracting his fingers, he pressed his knee against the Nawab's chest, forcing him to the ground.

Then, kneeling on him, he waited till a spasm announced that Bhur was without a ruler, then rising he rifled the body till he discovered the "Sea of Fire." Placing it in his turban, he commenced the return journey to Bhur that very night.

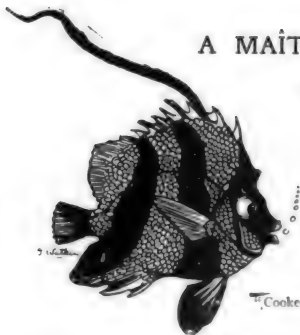
No quest was ever made for the murderer of the fakir, no mention was made of it in any paper, save one, which died promptly after the issue had been confiscated.

Three weeks later a new Nawab ruled over Bhur; his name was Yali Sing, and he demanded the protection of the British Government.



A MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL AND HIS METHODS.

BY HORACE WYNDHAM.



"Cookery is become an art, a noble science ;
cooks are gentlemen."—ROBERT BURTON.

IF ARCHESTRATUS did not disdain to compose a poem in praise of gastronomy, it would be presumption for a mere pressman to think that a cook were undeserving of an interview. More especially, too, would this be the case when the cook in question happened to be one of the eminence of M. Joseph, of the Savoy Hotel. Indeed, the ruler of the roast at this establishment is more than a cook ; he is an artist, and a master of his art, to boot. Accordingly, I called on him a week ago, in the hope of gleaning some particulars regarding the methods by which the cult of the *haute cuisine* was carried out in his kitchen. In this I was not disappointed, for, as soon as I had convinced M. Joseph that I was not an emissary with a mission to obtain his opinion on "*L'affaire Dreyfus*," he obligingly unbent, and, in the course of half an hour's conversation, told me many things of which I had hitherto been in unblushing ignorance. From the fact that my "subject" first saw the light in this country, it is not surprising to find that he speaks English with remarkable facility. Hence, I was able to gather the necessary information without imposing any undue strain upon my own rather limited linguistic abilities.

"M'sieur would desire to interview

me?" he asked, with a characteristic spreading out of his hands.

I admitted the impeachment—perfect frankness seemed the better course.

"Ah, well," was the resigned reply, "and where shall I commence?"

"We might start at the beginning," I suggested. "Suppose you tell me something of your early days."

"Certainly, and then we shall be—how do you say it?—ah, yes, not a long time! Very well, then, let us sit down."

Without more ado, M. Joseph led me into his office, where he unfolded the following details of his career:—

While still a child, he was taken by his parents to their native France, and, as soon as he was old enough to be of use, he assisted his father in the management of a restaurant that he had set up near Paris. In 1868, he had blossomed into a fully-fledged cook, and as such obtained a situation in a similar establishment at Brébant. Here, though the actual remuneration was but little (being, in fact, but 40 francs *per mensem*) the experience was excellent, and consequently Joseph remained there for five years. During this period he made such excellent use of his opportunities that he soon had the whole gamut of the *cuisine* at his fingers' ends. As a result, in 1873, he was offered a

lucrative engagement as *maitre d'hôtel* in Vienna. This led to still further advancement, for, through the good offices of M. Trant (then cook to H.M. the Emperor of Austria) he was presently



M. Joseph is an artist in Orange-pooling.

installed in a responsible position in the kitchens of the Kaiserhof at Berlin. Paris, however, is the Mecca of the knight of the rolling-pin, and consequently it was not long before the traveller found himself once more on his beloved boulevards. This was in 1878, and the restaurants in which his ripened genius found its scope were successively those of MM. Beignon and Paillard. By this time, what M. Joseph did not know about cooking could have been comfortably placed on a postage-stamp. Accordingly, his services were now being diligently sought after by everyone desirous of having their kitchens ruled by a master. Of the host of offers pressed upon him he choose one emanating from America. This had been made him by Mr. Vanderbilt, and

to this gentleman's New York mansion Joseph accordingly transferred himself in the spring of 1887.

The arrangement, however, was only to be of a temporary nature, and, in a few months' time, the imported *chef* had returned to France. Rumour—proverbially a "lying jade"—has it that the cause of the severance of the connection between Mr. Vanderbilt and his cook was due to the former gentleman's action in postponing his dinner by an hour on more than one occasion. After this, it was only natural that M. Joseph should consider Paris a better field for the display of his talent. The time now being ripe for independent action, he resolved to set up for himself, and the result was that the Restaurant Marivaux was shortly afterwards established in the street of the same name. The success of the venture was most gratifying, and the house speedily became the resort of all who prided themselves on the possession of a palate, as apart from a mere appetite. Still, its fame was not confined to French soil, for all the width of water that intervenes between Calais and Dover could not suffice to prevent it spreading to our own shores. The consequence was that when, in the early

part of 1898, the Management of the Savoy Hotel found themselves in want of a competent hand to direct the restaurant, it was decided to invite M. Joseph to undertake the task. Thereupon—and like another famous personage—he came, he saw, he conquered. Before this could be arranged, however, it became necessary to relieve him of the cares of his establishment in Paris. As the most effective way of doing this, the Savoy Hotel Company purchased the Rue Marivaux business outright.

Having obtained the foregoing information, I sought a few particulars on matters more intimately connected with M. Joseph's present sphere of activity. To begin with, I inquired how many cooks were employed under his direction?

"Thirty," was the answer.

"And where do they come from?"

"From France—especially from the southern parts. It is the only country where a cook really knows his business. As for an Englishman, you can no more teach him"—with a magnificent gesture of deprecation—"to prepare a dinner properly, than you can make a French *chef* into a good jockey. Cooking," he went on, "is all a question of climate. Here, you have no climate; consequently, no cooks."

I asked to have the connection explained.

"It's like this," replied M. Joseph. "In cold countries, people are always hungry, and are thus able to eat anything. In warm countries, on the other hand, people have but little appetite, and consequently can be tempted only by the best of cooking. Here, they will accept food that elsewhere they would indignantly decline."

"And can you hold out any hope of improvement in future for this regrettable state of affairs?"

"Oh yes, the taste of the public is improving," was the reassuring reply, "and in ten years' time, at the most, people will not put up with any but the best of cooking."

Feeling distinctly fortified by this utterance, I naturally went on to inquire if the Public, who at present seem to be groping in the dark after culinary perfection, were likely to have their expectations justified?

"Alas," answered my informant, sadly, "Good cooks daily become harder to obtain. The French military system is responsible for this. You see, m'sieur, service in the Army is now obligatory for all. The result is, that nowadays a boy who wishes to become a cook has to leave his work for the five best years of his life. When he is again a civilian he has forgotten what he learned as a boy, and is too

old to start again. Besides, he seldom has any inclination to do so. As he is now a man, he will not take a boy's wages for a boy's work. The consequence is that he goes to a third-rate restaurant, where the customers are not particular, and acts as a full-blown cook, when he should really still be learning his business. Ah, the French military system! Dreyfus—"

"Most painful!" I hastily interpolated. "But tell me, M. Joseph, what do you consider the most necessary quality in a good cook?"

"Observation," was the decided reply. "The best cook is the man who has most of this. He must be a



M. Joseph carves a duck—in a queer manner.

diplomat, and know exactly what it is the Public wants. Every dinner must be individually studied, for the real purpose of cooking is not to assuage hunger—bread and

cheese will do that—but to please the palate."

"A noble work," I murmured sympathetically.

M. Joseph beamed. I had evidently struck the true note. I asked how long it took to train a cook to the necessary pitch of proficiency.

"Ah, a cook is never thoroughly trained," was the quick reply. "A real artist is always learning. Not a day passes but he discovers something new about his work. Then, each one has methods of his own. Thus, if you give half a dozen cooks the same amount of meat and vegetables, and tell them to prepare them in the same way, in every case the result will be slightly different."

I fired my last shot—

"What, in your opinion, will be the effect of opening so many new hotels in London, M. Joseph?"

"What do I think, M'sieur? I will tell you—listen," my companion lowered his voice mysteriously. "It is this. Very soon there will no longer be any excuse for the people who sleep on the Embankment or on the benches in

the park to give the policemen. Is it not so—eh?"

Before I left, the famous maître d'hôtel pressed upon me a list of his "creations." In doing so, he told me they were copied extensively all over Europe.

"You are flattered," I urged, insinuatingly.

"No, M'sieur—irritated," was the mournful response.

Evidently this maxim of the copy-book headline has no plan in the philosophy of Joseph.

The "creations," however, demand attention. Here, then, are the names of a few of them:—

Filets de Soles Aimée Martial, Filets de Maquerrau Marianne, Caneton Froid Jubilé, Foie Gras Souvaroff, Crêpes du Diable, Ananas Master Joe.

The last-named speciality seems like a delicate compliment to a Cabinet Minister.

While M. Joseph's official position at the

Savoy is that of *Directeur du Restaurant*, that of *chef* is held by Maitre Thouraud. Before coming here he held a similar post at the Grand Hotel, Paris.



Maitre Thouraud—a Napoleon of Cooks





professional name. They finally appeared so:

Mr. Y. WYBROW,
Consulting Detective,
1a, Upper Baker Street.
N.B. Divorce Business not
undertaken.

I SHALL probably not have much difficulty in making the reader understand why I came to adopt the profession of a Consulting Detective when I say that at the period I did so I was equally without capital or specific training for any career. To be sure, there were the alternatives of becoming a Labour Agitator, or a Nationalist M.P., but, in the first place, I have never had much fondness for associating with "the horny-handed son of toil," and, in the second, I had made a shrewd guess that the Irish funds were anything but inexhaustible. Besides, in both these careers, there was competition, whereas in the other there was only, so far as I know, the delightful creature of Dr. Conan Doyle's brain.

Consequently, I invested a part of the very slender sum which was left to me in furnishing one room of an Upper Baker Street lodging (this being the traditional quarter for C.D.'s. to pitch their tent) as a sort of snug office, and inserted a number of advertisements in the leading papers. These notices gave me a lot of trouble, as did my pro-

Why Wybrow? I said to myself, when I first thought of the name, but why not? And so it remained. I thought it easy to remember. The note as to Divorce Business I thought particularly neat. It at once drew a line between myself and the ordinary private detective. Besides, if I was ever asked to do so I could always make an exception—on exceptional terms.

Some men, having got so far, might have been content to sit down and wait for custom, but with me it was quite otherwise. I fully intended to give my clients value for their money, and having, as I have already said, no especial training for my new profession, I determined to work hard at it. Not only was my daily study the record of every description of crime, but not a day passed without my making practical experiments in my new business. Attired in the most varied disguises, I visited the most different parts of the metropolis. At first, for practice, I "shadowed" my own acquaintances, but fearing thereby to obtain too profound a cynicism even for my business—and some of the discoveries I made were really incredible—I turned my

attention to our public men. By this phrase I do not mean politicians, but secretaries and managers of great companies, journalists, theatrical managers, heads of large firms, prominent lawyers, &c., &c. I made it my business to know everybody. I should add, I have an extraordinary memory for faces. When I had ascertained who the man was, a very little shadowing enabled me to ascertain his habits, &c., &c., all of which I duly entered up in my books. All this mass of miscellaneous information might never prove of any use, but the practice was excellent. So was that of working out murder cases, and so on, on my own hook. But here, alas! I came into contact with Scotland Yard. And Scotland Yard was unsympathetic. They called it "d—d rot," I grieve to say—not, of course, officially, but, individually. Nor did they by any means show that desire for assistance I had learnt from Dr. Doyle they probably would. In fact to this day they prefer to blunder on unassisted, though they have come to admit that I know a thing or two myself.

I don't mind admitting now that I had been over a year at the business before I got a single case. One evening—I recollect I had been shadowing a well known Q.C., with the result that I had obtained some information as to his private life which would have considerably astonished his better half—I returned home to be met by my landlady with the remark: "Two gentlemen awaiting you in the office, Mr. Wybrow." My inclination was to rush upstairs four steps at a time, but this I restrained, and quietly entered the room with an expressed regret for having kept them waiting.

The two men who were waiting bowed, and, at my request, resumed their places, while I sat down at the writing table.

"To what am I indebted for the pleasure?" I commenced.

"Well, Mr. Wybrow," said the taller visitor, "I need hardly explain, is a matter of business." I

bowed and opened my day-book to take notes.

"Kindly tell me fully what the matter is."

"One moment. It is true my friend and I have *thought* of putting the matter in your hands, as it is perhaps not yet a case for the police. But—the fact is, Mr. Wybrow, that you seem only to be known to the public by your advertisements. Before going into the matter I thought—I would suggest—in plain English we should like some proof as to your ability."

"It appears to me, gentlemen, that as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so the result of my work in your case will best enable you to judge of my ability. I cannot for obvious reasons lay before you the records of previous endeavours—these being strictly confidential (and I might have added non-existent). I make no charge. If you are satisfied with my work, you send me a cheque for what you think it is worth when my labours are brought to an end."

"Quite so, Mr. Wybrow, and very satisfactory. But in this case time is of the greatest moment—to me at least. I want to feel sure that the week or so that I can give you to solve a difficulty will not be lost. You have read Dr. Doyle's stories?" I bowed. "You will recollect his imaginary consulting detective was in the habit of giving his clients a few of his conclusions as to themselves at a first interview, which went far to prove his claims to some very unusual powers?"

"You mean the Science of Deduction," I replied. "Well, that is a simple matter, and perhaps hardly goes one quarter as far as Dr. Doyle makes out."

"Still if you would——"

"Certainly. In what way would you wish to test me?"

"Well—about myself, say; can you deduce anything?"

"That is already done. You are obviously connected with the press—not in a subordinate position. You came to town from Richmond this

morning, and your garden is not under an acre in extent."

The two looked at one another.

"And my friend?"

"That perhaps is not quite so simple. His connection with a great public company is clear enough; as also his habits of frequenting the Crystal Palace. He keeps a number of dogs—probably bull-terriers."

"Enough, enough! And the means of arriving at these conclusions?"

"There, gentlemen, you must excuse me. Those are my deductions—be they correct or not. If I were to divulge my methods I should be giving myself away to possible rivals."

They whispered together a minute, and then the taller began again.

"We are satisfied of your ability, Mr. Wybrow, and have decided to put the matter into your hands. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Perry. I am the editor of *Green and Gold*," one of the leading illustrated weeklies. How you deduced it I can't conceive, but I do live at St. Margaret's, and my garden there is very nearly an acre and half in extent. This gentleman is Mr. Bellows, one of my oldest friends. As you correctly stated, he is the Secretary of the Northern and Southern Railway Company, and, living as he does at Sydenham, he naturally spends a good deal of his spare time in the Crystal Palace. He is probably the most successful breeder and exhibitor of bull-terriers in England."

"Well, Mr. Perry," I said "per-



"There, gentlemen, you must excuse me."

haps
you
will now enter
on the business
that brought
you here."

"I propose to do so. You read the papers?"

"All the London papers and most of the leading provincial ones."

"Your attention has perhaps been drawn to what has been styled the 'Millrevan Fatality?'"

"I noticed it."

"Well, strange to say, we are both interested in that matter. Shall I relate the particulars?"

"Only those you can speak to from your own personal knowledge."

"That, then, is *nil*. But my interest therein is this. Some months ago my proprietors, wishing to meet what appears to be one of the requirements of the day, decided to adopt a scheme of railway accident assurance in connection with the paper. After some discussion we decided the scheme should apply only to subscribers, not to the casual purchaser. Every sub-

scriber, either directly or through a newsagent, is entitled, in case of death by railway accident, to the handsome sum of £3,000. This sum has now been claimed, for the first time, by the widow of this Mr. Marsham, who was killed at Millrevan. The claim was made, according to our rules, six days after the occurrence, and would have already been paid, but for a curious coincidence. The other day, coming up to town, I bought at Richmond Station a copy of *Scrap Books*—you know the paper?"

"Certainly; though I never opened it."

"The first thing it it that caught my eye was a notification that their Insurance Premium of £100 had been paid (for the 17th time) to the widow of Mr. Marsham, killed at Millrevan Bridge. The coincidence struck me, and I made inquiries. I now find this Marsham, having carefully complied with the regulations in each case, was insured by every London newspaper which grants Insurance Policies."

"Suicide would invalidate all, no doubt?"

"Certainly; but I should like to draw your attention to the fact that the body has never been found. Mr. Bellow's connection with the matter is this. It is highly probable that if these policies are all paid, this widow will sue the company for damages. Our risk is, however, more pressing. This being the first claim under our scheme, we are naturally unwilling to appear unready to settle. Still, £3,000 is £3,000. I have seen this Mrs. Marsham, who is certainly not unreasonable, and is quite willing to wait till the body is found—or at least a week longer. I also made some inquiries in the neighbourhood and from all I can learn Marsham was a most unlikely man to commit suicide. His annual subscription was paid to us direct seven weeks ago."

"Thank you, Mr. Perry. I don't think I need detain you any more. I'll just look up the newspaper reports again to-night and to-morrow. Oh! Mrs. Marsham's address, by the way?"

Thank you. Good evening, gentlemen."

After I had had some dinner I got down my file of the "Telegraph" and turned back till I came to the following:

RAILWAY FATALITY.

"Last night, as the night mail train on the N. and S. Co. was running between Chiston and Kingswick, it was suddenly brought to a stop by the signal cord being pulled by a passenger. On investigation, this proved to be a Mr. Armitstead, of Woolwich. It appears that Mr. Armitstead noticed the right-hand door of the compartment immediately in front to be open, and very properly at once stopped the train. The compartment in question was empty of passengers, but contained a handbag with a number of newspapers, a travelling rug, a cap (on the floor), and a hat and umbrella in the rack. The train was consequently stopped again at Kingswick (a mere road-side station) and porters were sent back to search the line, the train proceeding to its destination.

"*Chiston 2 a.m.* Little doubt remains that a sad accident must have occurred at Millrevan Bridge, a few miles south of Kingswick. The porters sent to search the line found nobody, but distinct traces of blood on the bridge in question, under which the Avon, now in flood, flows. It is supposed that the unfortunate gentleman was leaning against the insecurely fastened door, when it opened, precipitating him against the parapet of the bridge. This would account for the blood. He probably struck his face against the ironwork, which stunned him, and then fell through into the river. The bridge is an open one with a single plank at the side for the use of railway officials."

Next day's paper contained the following—

MILLREVAN BRIDGE FATALITY.

"The name of the gentleman who was killed by a fall from the Northern and Southern Express yesterday night



is ascertained to be Marshman, of Croydon. A ticket from Chiston to Uttester was found in his bag. The body has not been recovered."

The later numbers of the papers added nothing to the information contained in these two telegrams. After having ascertained this fact, I went to bed.

Next morning I was up betimes and made my way to Croydon. I did not, however, go direct to Marshman's house, but strolled round the neighbourhood, and finally entered a respectable looking public-house at the end of the road in which the house stood. As I had guessed, at this early hour it was deserted, but, by great good fortune, the landlord was in and quite ready for a chat. After a bit I brought the conversation round to my subject.

"Been a good bit in the papers about this part of Croydon lately," I said.

"Ah! you mean about Marshman, poor fellow. Well, now 'tis a singular thing, ain't it? To think that a man should just happen to fall out of the train just when the river was waiting for him, like."

"Perhaps you knew him?"

"Knew him? I wish I had a quid for every time I've had him sitting in that there chair. Every day he was here, every day for three years, 'cept, of course, it was one of his meetings."

"Meetings?"

"Yes—races. He was pretty reg'lar there—made no secret that he lived by it."

"In what way?"

"He was a professional backer—that's what he was. Don't seem much of a trade, do it? But, Lord bless you, he was such a cool hand. He'd think nothing of going to a meeting three or four days running and never having a bet, 'Didn't know anything,' he'd say to me when I asked him. But when he did, down w'd go the pieces. He had his

weakness too, poor fellow. 'If there is one thing I fancy,' he'd say, 'It's a real good two-year-old. The man who never bets except on a two-year-old whose trial he knows something about, won't go far wrong.' But I don't think things had gone so well with him, lately."

About eleven I left the public-house and made my way to Marshman's. The door was opened by a woman in widow's weeds.

"Mr. Marshman at home?" I asked.

"'Mr. Marshman—'" she hesitated.

"I beg your pardon—I am a widow."

"Some mistake perhaps?" I sug-

gested, "I want Mr. Harry Marshman, the racing man."

"I suppose you haven't [heard," she said. "Mr. Harry Marshman, who was my husband, was killed in a railway accident the week before last."

"Dear, dear. I beg your pardon—I don't know what to say. I wondered why he didn't keep his appointment with me at Newmarket, too. Poor fellow! I came to pay him some money, and now—Well, well."

"Won't you step in, Mr.—?"

"Newton my name is, m a ' a m. Thank you, I will sit down a minute, if I may make so bold."

The room I was shewn into was tidy enough, no doubt, but it struck me at once that it was a curious house for a subscriber to *Green and Gold* to inhabit, that paper rather laying itself out for circulation among the cultured.

"You were saying you had some business with poor Harry?" asked the widow.

"Yes, ma'am. At least I had a little money to pay over to him. You see it was in this way. We had a little bet together—not the first by a long way. I'd had a very bad day, so I says, says I: 'Harry, I'll settle at Newmarket.' 'Right you are,' says he. And to think he was dead and gone before Newmarket came round. Fifty shilling' it was. I suppose I'd better pay it to you now, ma'am." And,

taking out my purse, I counted two sovereigns and some silver into my other hand.



"Dear, dear," I continued; "If not taking a liberty, ma'am, might I hope poor Harry left you comfortably off?"

"Not so bad," was the reply. "He was insured."

"Ay, he allus was a careful sort. Well, well. There if I'd only known I'd have come to the funeral. I never heard nothing of it, though, and being in the neighbourhood I just thought

I'd look in and pay my little bet. When did you bury the poor fellow, ma'am?"

"Oh, sir, (with a sob) that's the dreadful part of it. The body's never been found."

"What!" I cried, "I thought you said it was a railway accident?"

"So it was, sir. Poor Harry fell out of the train into the

river and they've never found him."

"Bad job for you, ma'am. No Insurance Company'll pay without a body."

"I hope so, sir. You see it isn't an Insurance Company exactly. 'Tis this paper (showing me a copy of *Green and Gold*), and we think—my lawyer and I—they'll rather pay than people should say it isn't all right."

"Oh," I replied. "Well, mine's a debt of honour, so I don't mind leaving the money here, even if poor Harry does turn up after, safe and sound, as I hope he will." So saying I put down the

"Oh, sir, the body's never been found."

money, and took my leave, quite convinced that either the whole transaction was a *bona-fide* one, or that I had to deal with one of the cleverest women I had ever seen. If it was a part, it could not have been better acted—neither under or over. Still, was it only chance that caused Mr. Marsham to purchase all the insuring newspapers that day, and, more curious still, to subscribe to a weekly periodical which must have been so very foreign to his tastes?

It now became my duty to visit the scene of the fatality. My first inquiries were made at the booking-office at Chiston. The clerk was a little inclined to be short about it, having been a good deal bothered by reporters and idlers. Yes, he said, he did remember the evening, and he remembered a gentleman coming for a single to Uttester. He recollected it because he came after the train was in, and was in a great hurry. A short man he was—not very short. He remembered his rug, which was peculiar—made to imitate a tigerskin. The rug had been shown him since, and he had identified it.

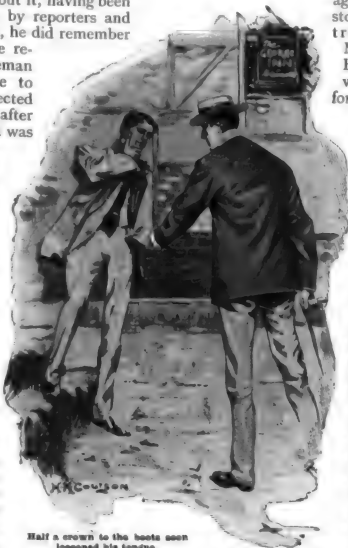
It did not take me long to find out the most sporting inn in the town, and half a crown to the Boots soon loosened his tongue. Know Mr. Marsham? Oh yes. Saw him the day of his death. Slept here the night before, and left the hotel in the morning. Took his bag and rug with him to the station in the 'bus, telling Boots he had some business in the neighbourhood, and would leave his things in the cloak-

room. Never saw him again. Curious that, as he must have been at the station with the 'bus when Mr. Marsham left at night. Yes, he knew the rug well, it was black one side, and like a sham tiger-skin the other.

The only other person I saw that day was the guard of the train, for whom I was waiting when he came off duty in London. He remembered Marsham getting into the train at Chiston; he was nearly late. He was going to open the next carriage—Mr. Armitstead's—but Marsham said "smoking," and got into the next. No, he didn't see Mr. Armitstead at Chiston. He spoke to him in London before starting, and not

again till he stopped the train. Yes, Millrevan Bridge was wide enough for a door to swing open without breaking. Both sides? Of course it would be on the off side unless another train was passing. No, he hadn't seen the place, but he heard there was a little blood on the bridge—not much, it would be gone by now, very likely.

I went home that night feeling I was beginning to see daylight. Before going to bed I wrote to the editor of *Green*



Half a crown to the boots soon loosened his tongue.

and Gold asking him to write to Mr. Armistead and ask at what day and hour he could conveniently call at their office to give them information in the case.

Next day I was back at the widow Marsham's again. My excuse was that I had made a mistake and found our bet was in guineas, so that I had 2s. 6d. more to give her. Before leaving, I asked :

"When did you see poor Harry last, Mrs. Marsham?"

"Didn't I tell you, sir; he had his dinner here the day he died."

"Did he? Well, I daresay it won't be long before he'll have it here again."

Incredulity, wonder, and happiness were so unmistakably blended on that face that I was ashamed of the suspicion I had entertained, and added : "I hope so any way."

"Ah, sir, there's no chance of that," she said, sadly.

On my way back I went into the public-house. The proprietor recognized me. After a bit I said to him, "You're fond of a bet. I'll bet you a sovereign you can't show me a bit of poor Marsham's handwriting?"

"Done with you." In a minute he brought me the following note. "Tuesday. Dear Joe. Tenderfoot for the Cup. Nap. Yes. H. Marsham."

"Well," I said, "I'm done. You'll let me keep this?" To which, on receiving my sovereign, he agreed.

Next morning I betook myself to Mr. Perry's office betimes. He handed me a telegram from Armitstead to the effect that he was at the editor's disposal.

"How will three to-morrow suit you," I asked.

"Perfectly."

"Then please telegraph him that hour, and I will be here."

"One word, Mr. Wybrow," said the editor, as I rose, "when may I expect your report?"

"To-morrow, I think. Yes, I feel pretty sure when we have heard Mr. Armitstead I shall be able to complete my case. By the way, will you just give me a line in writing to say I am acting for you in this matter?"

While he was writing it Mr. Perry said : "We had another letter from Mrs. Marsham's solicitor this morning. I suppose I had better not answer to-day?"

"Well, I think I would. One way or the other you must soon decide. Suppose you ask him to bring his client here at the same hour. I presume you can arrange for them to await the result of our interview in another room? Say 3.30 for them. We can keep Mr. Armitstead waiting a little, I daresay. I would ask Mr. Bellows to come too, if he can."

So it was arranged, and after receiving my written authority, I made my way to the General Post Office.

As a matter of fact it was Mr. Armitstead who kept us waiting, and it was not till nearly 3.20 that he was shown into the editor's room, where Mr. Bellows and I were seated with Mr. Perry.

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Armitstead," said the latter. "I don't know if you are aware that a claim has been made upon the proprietors of this paper under our Insurance Scheme by the heirs of the unfortunate man Marshman. As, however, his body has never been found, we wish to be as clear as we can about the matter before deciding whether to pay or fight. Therefore we asked you to come here to-day in the hope you would kindly tell us all you know about the accident."

Mr. Armitstead complied, and while he was telling his story, which was only what is already known to the reader, I had leisure to look at him. He was a short, clean-shaved, sharp-looking man, plainly dressed in a pepper-and-salt suit. When he had finished speaking, the editor turned to me.

"Perhaps you would like to ask Mr. Armitstead some questions? Mr. Wybrow has been kind enough to investigate this case for us," he explained.

"No, thank you, sir,"

"Are you prepared to give us your report, then."

"If you want my written report, no. But my opinion I can give you in two words. By your contract it seems to me that you are bound to pay the sum of £3,000 to Mr. Marshman's heirs—when he is killed in a railway accident. But really," I continued, turning towards Armitstead, "he looks uncommonly life-like just now, and I warn him that, if he persists in these courses, his neck is likely eventually to be imperilled in quite another manner."

During the last words Armitstead had sprung to his feet. "I did not come here to be insulted," he broke out, "nor will I remain—"

"One word," I said, as he stepped towards the door. "At the bottom of those stairs is a Scotland Yard Officer whose orders are at once to arrest you if you appear there alone. Hadn't you better sit down and listen to me?" He hesitated, but finally obeyed. "Now, gentlemen," I said, "you have heard Mr. Armitstead's account of the occurrence. I am going to tell you what really occurred. It is quite true, as he told you, that he left London by the night train on the night in question. What, however, he omitted to tell you was that he travelled up to London that morning and dined quite respectably at Croydon with his wife. A few minutes before the train reached Chiston, he took out of his one bag the light overcoat Mr. Marshman generally wore, and slipped on a false moustache, which he must have been wearing some days previously. His dark overcoat he placed in the same bag, also his hat—a soft, clerical looking one. This bag and a railway rug he concealed under the seat. As soon as he was sure the guard was out of the way, he jumped out, displaying

Mr. Marshman's conspicuous rug and carrying the other bag concerning which we have heard so much since. Hastily taking a ticket for Uttester—the next stopping place—he returned, and the guard put him into the next



"At the bottom of those stairs is a Scotland Yard officer."

carriage to that which contained his bag. Of course he could see it was still empty—the compartment I mean; and now his task was easy. All he had to do was, on reaching Millrevan Bridge to throw out of a bottle some reddish fluid—possibly real blood—then, opening the door on the off-side, he left the carriage by the near-side door and regained the next compartment. No sooner was he there than he pulled the danger signal, and

changed his coat before the guard reached him."

"If you believe this cock-and-bull story"—began Armitstead.

"To prove all this," I continued, "I shall call one witness only. After that, we will listen to Mr. Armitstead."

So saying I stepped to another door, and opened it. In response to my gesture a woman appeared on the threshold. The next minute with a cry of "Harry!" in which surprise and joy were mingled, she hung laughing and sobbing on "Armitstead's" neck.

"The game's up," he muttered.

"Yes, Marshman, you haven't pulled off the long odds this time," I rejoined. "Now, Mr. Perry, it rests with you to say what

on account of his poor wife, whom he has made an innocent accomplice in his plan. He obviously never meant to abandon her, or he wouldn't have arranged for her to have the money. Besides it is the first time he has ever been guilty of dishonesty, I believe."

"So help me God, it is," said Marshman, "and it shall be the last."

"But there are the other papers," said Mr. Bellows.

"That's their affair," said Mr. Perry, "and, if I let this end here, it must be on a promise of refund to those which have paid."

"I do promise, sir," said Marshman.

"Well, then take your wife home—and her solicitor."

"God bless you, sir. Thank you, sir, (to me) for speaking for me. How you found it out, I don't know, but there, you might ha' been watching me."

With that he left the room.

"Really, Mr. Wybrow," said Mr. Bellows. "I have been immensely interested in this matter, I wish you would explain your deductions in this case."

"I don't know that it was such a matter of deduction, but I'll tell you all about it. In the first place it struck me what a fortunate coincidence for Marshman's heirs it was that anybody should

have been looking out of another carriage-window on such a dirty, dark night almost directly after the accident had taken place. The coincidence seemed so extraordinary



She hung, laughing and sobbing, on Armitstead's neck.

you're going to do. If I say a word on this fellow's behalf, it's certainly only

the accident had taken place. The coincidence seemed so extraordinary

that I naturally felt inclined to put down Armitstead as an accomplice, and under that idea I decided not to interview him till I had made all other possible investigations. Still I could not conceive where the hatless Marshman had disappeared to unless he had left the train again at Chiston. Had he left his carriage before the train had attained any speed again, the open door must have been noticed long before Millrevan. My interview with his wife convinced me that she, at any rate, was not in the plot. This was not necessary. All he had to do was to frequently talk about insuring newspapers before her, to let her know he was in the habit of buying them, and finally to make no secret of his subscribing to *Green and Gold* as an insurance, drawing her attention to the conditions of the policy. The rest he might safely leave to her.

"The only point of interest brought out by my Chiston inquiries was that Marshman's time during the whole of the day previous to the accident remained unaccounted for. My second interview with the 'widow' filled up this blank. Now if Marshman had his early dinner at Croydon, how did he get to Chiston in time for the night mail? A glance at 'Bradshaw' showed me there was no convenient train, unless he travelled up by the mail itself.

"This hypothesis also explained his haste to take his ticket to Chiston. Unfortunately, inquiry at the London Booking Office showed no ticket had been taken for Chiston that night. That proved little, as some people book at Tourist Agencies and Booking

Offices; or he might have a return. But how was it the guard hadn't seen him? Then, all at once, I deduced the

truth, and all difficulties were at once removed. The

answer by telegram confirmed



"He came into my Shop and asked me for some fresh blood."

mysurmise. Having obtained an authority from the Secretary to the Post Office I examined the original telegram, and as I expected, the handwriting was Marshman's. It was really want of something to do that took me to Woolwich that afternoon. I learned that 'Mr. Armitstead' was a quiet single gentleman who had lived there some six months, but was much away from home. Opinions were divided in the tap-room, where we were discussing him, whether he was a turf-correspondent or a 'commercial.' A young butcher who entered during the conversation suddenly broke in.

"I tell you he ain't neither. He's one of these scientific chaps."

" 'How do you know?'

" 'Why the other day he came into my shop and he asked for some fresh blood. 'I want it,' says he, 'for a scientific experiment.' I couldn't supply him though, 'cos, as you knows, gents, I don't do my own killin', but buys wholesale.'

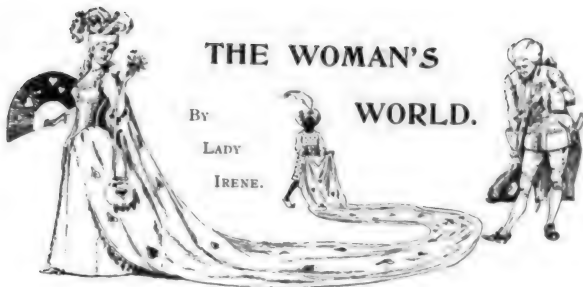
"That completed my case."

Next day I called by appointment on

Mr. Parry to receive the cheque his directors had signed for me. After thanking him I said:

"Mr. Parry, you have dealt so liberally with me that I feel in your debt. I'm going therefore to give you a piece of advice. Next time you meet anybody who 'deduces' the most extraordinary things about you, make quite sure that it really is the first time he has ever seen you."





ACCORDING to the dictum of the Sage of Chelsea, the first object of clothes is decoration — not warmth. And Carlyle and I, at least on this occasion, agree. Our forefathers, equally with the "noble savage" of Fenimore Cooper renown, decorated their heads long before they clothed their bodies; and helmets were worn before *trousers*, as antique statuary loudly proclaims. And if only regarded aright, it is a most laudable humility that makes us aim for decoration rather than warmth. Dame Nature, it is sufficiently obvious, is often careless and slatternly in her handiwork, and we must needs call in her sister Art to make up for her woeful deficiencies. And that the younger sister's efforts are not always crowned with success surely is cause rather for lamentation than for rebuke.

My first picture reveals one of our prettiest actresses, Mrs. Brown Potter, and is a worthy object lesson of our advancement in clothes in this twentieth century. In this cape, utility and beauty are delightfully united. The present model is of Russian sable, made alluringly feminine with frills of point de Venise. With a condescension most commendable, this cape permits itself to be copied in materials of less extravagant claims. A pleasing imitation could be achieved in Liberty velveteen of that particular shade of castor (really a grayish beige) now so much the vogue, and where real lace is not procurable, I would advise frills of white chiffon edged with ruchings of itself. This, of course, would be for evening wear; for day wear a faced cloth could be substituted for the velveteen, and then with advantage the very becoming hat



Mrs. Brown Potter adorns a Sable Cape.

might be copied, in cloth and lace. The one reproduced here is in sable and lace to match the cape.

That frivolity and gaiety should reign supreme after last winter's dreariness and disquietude is the right and inevitable reaction. Fancy Dress Balls are to-day one of the most approved forms of entertainment. The

dress depicted here sped its short but gorgeous hour at Covent Garden and well merited the prize it was awarded. To Messrs. May, of Garrick-street, Covent Garden, is the credit due of this most realistic creation. The dress is

of white satin. A three-leaved Shamrock in green satin, with a medallion of the Queen, adorns the front, and a similar leaf enfaming B.P. forms the back. One of the Shamrock leaves on the skirt encloses Joe Chamberlain, with eye-glass complete, grasping Redmond's hand, and the other John Bull and Paddy. The new Irish Guard with

"Bobs" in the centre, decorate the hem, while the back is draped with a flag wrought with the Union Jack and Irish Harp. A banner with the true device of "The Queen's Olive Branch," was held merrily aloft by the pretty actress, and her costume was completed by a Golden Lion with paws lightly resting on a Harp, a somewhat cumbersome,

but not unbecoming, head-dress, while green silk stockings and golden shoes clad her shapely feet.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. May, I was also permitted to see an ideal "Mary, Queen o' Scots," costume, worn by Miss Marion Terry, and designed by Ellen Terry's pretty daughter, Miss Craig. The under dress was

of a greeny-blue brocade, mingled somewhat sparingly with gold thread and an overdress of thick corded old gold velvet. The head-dress was of quaint and absolutely historical design. A bandeau of pearls with a

blue stone in the centre, turned back over old real lace, and a cap, or coif, of gold net. A Lady Teazle dress, which merits the hall mark of my approval, is of grey mouse cloth lined with pink silk, a petticoat of rose

pink satin trimmed with old lace and bunches of roses, and a hat of black velvet trimmed with pink feathers. With such a costume much might

be forgiven to the modern woman who aped the wiles and graces—for one night only—of her fascinating prototype.

My third picture depicts a hat worn by Ella Snyder, the clever and popular American actress, who most amiably "sat" for our special artist. The hat comes from Violet Hay, 67 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square. The be-



The "Wearing of the Green"
Fancy Dress.

comingness of its form needs no words of mine to emphasize, and the colour is a glowing yet subdued mass of delicate pinks ranging to autumnal hoar-frosted reds. It is a hat to make covetous the heart of woman. Another head-gear from this same establishment is of blue turquoise panne. It glories in a wide and somewhat round sailor brim turned up at the back

with five black tips, all in a row, bending gracefully towards the front, while a strap of black velvet encircles the crown. A hat of equal charm is in mauve felt, with violets bunched and then made into a garland, so that the felt is almost entirely hidden from view. Yet another is of biscuit crinoline, woven in and out with strappings of cloth and chenille, and a wondrous aigrette to match.

Among picture hats I noted a black beaver, trimmed with folds

of tulle, and one long feather, drooping cavalier-style over the brim, fastened in with a buckle of old gold. Another hat of the picturesque type is of black velvet and chenille, triumphing in two black plumes, and an arrogant, up-standing bow of black satin.

But what is the use of the prettiest hat unless it serves to emphasize hair *bien coiffé*? And pity 'tis 'tis true! In

England, alas! a well-gowned girl or woman too often has her hair badly dressed; and nothing that milliner or dressmaker can do will make up for that lack of distinction. Just across the silver streak things are quite different. In France from the *grande dame* to the nursery governess, everybody's hair is becomingly arranged. This seems to

me good reason why in London, it were wise to choose a French hairdresser. And

since I practise what I preach — I acknowledge it is a somewhat uncommon quality — lately I have been patronizing Monsieur Suter, 22 Wardour Street, Pic-

cadilly. For the modest sum of one shilling one's hair is becomingly waved and dressed — and for a similar sum, one's nails may be manicured at the same time — and since I have indulged bi-weekly in this luxury of



A dainty hat worn by Ella Snyder.

hair dressing, I must candidly confess my personal charms have been greatly enhanced — a revelation of my weakness for which I claim unstinted praise.

"Show me a woman's room and I will tell you her character," said an author of much fame to me the other day. And so I commend to all dainty women the square cambric cushion slip which decorates the centre of the next

page. It is intended to be put over coloured silk cushions, so that the colour may gleam through the white cambric. Some of the prettiest have eyelet holes worked to permit ribbons to run in and out. The cushions are variously embroidered, one of my favourite designs is in roses and shamrock leaves. And to be quite complete the initials should be embroidered in the corner. They can be purchased for the modest sum of 10s. and upwards at the Irish Linen Store, 112, New Bond Street, W.

It is impossible to go over an establishment such as Messrs. Percy Heffer and Co.'s, without noticing what a great advance in taste has been made in the direction of wall-papers during the last few years. At one time it was almost impossible to get a good wall-paper; now it must be the fault of the purchaser himself if he does not get a good design. Many fine patterns are to be seen in the convenient Show-rooms at 64 Berners Street, some of them designed by well known artists. One which is designed by Mr. Haite is a model of what a wall-paper should be—the pattern beautiful yet unobtrusive. It is printed in two shades of the same colour and is almost as unassertive as a distempered wall, yet as the pattern is perceived it is found to be both beautiful and stately.

There is a fashion in wall papers as in everything else, and very large designs are in favour at present. One of Messrs. Percy Heffer and Co.'s designs with a large white figure on a Rose du Barri ground has been chosen by the Lord Mayor of Sheffield for the walls of the great entrance hall and staircase of his residence, and it has been greatly admired by all who have seen it. One can get "Adam" wall-papers at Berners Street to go with Chippendale

furniture, and "Empire stripe" if the furniture is old French. The Louis-Seize wall-paper is figured with small medallions and garlands of flowers raised in white on a pale background, being particularly successful in a faded lilac. A large selection of ceiling-papers and stencilled friezes is also to



Cambric Cushion Slip.

be seen at the above establishment. The recent improvements in machinery have had the effect of making good wall-papers much cheaper than they used to be, and some of the machine-made designs at half a crown the piece look as good as the hand-made designs which are so much higher in price. Specimens of handmade papers are also to be seen at Messrs. Percy Heffer and Co.'s, and the various patterns are arranged on tall folding screens so that it is easy to judge of the effect.





OUR CAUSERIE.



Love Unmasked.

In the October LUDGATE there appeared some verse by Mr. R. P. Fenn. It was very elegant versification, but sweeping and aggressive so far as sweet woman is concerned. Mr. Fenn has, however, brought condign punishment on himself, and it serves him right. Lack of gallantry should never go unpunished. A contributor over the signature of M. Cooper Smith, sends the following response, and we publish it, although as immoderate as Mr. Fenn's verse, on the principle of *audi alteram partem* :—

Woman's Revelation.

Do not trust your love to man,
Though he plead in accents
sweet.

He'll but crush you 'neath his feet,
Wound you all he can.

He will blind your trusting eyes
With his promises untrue
Man, if woman only knew,
Is but demon in disguise.

He who scorns the woman's word,
Woman's love, for which he sought,
Troubles let his life distort,
Let him die unloved, unheard.

May some vision of the past,
When Death's angel hovers nigh,
And he longs and prays to die,
Haunt him till the last.

May he long some face to see,
Some sweet woman's voice to hear,
That he once had deemed so dear,
God, oh grant that such may be!

The Light of Love.

Another contributor,
Mr. Clifford Grey, is
apparently equally
pained, but in more moderation, replies
with the following :—

Because one light has dimmed,
Must the world in darkness grope?
If one black sheep has sinned,
Must we all give up our hope.

O bitter thoughts : may God forbid the
morrow
If man's trust in woman cease ;
No kindred souls to share our sorrow,
To give us peace.

There are true women—priceless treasures,
Who, with their gentle, pleading ways,
Lead from a life of pleasure
To a nobler strife, to better days.

Hide not the light : it must break thro',
As dawn is near the darkest hour,
So peace may come to you—
And from the dead seed springs the
flower.

Mr. and Mrs. Daventry.

'Mr. and Mrs. Daventry'
is certainly one of those
plays which one would
not take one's mother to see. The
femme incomprise reigns triumphantly
at the Royalty, as she does at most
theatres at present, and it is a good
thing that Mr. Alexander has lately
produced an innocent play at which
seventy and seventeen may disport
themselves in peace. We had the bad
luck to escort a modern maiden to the
first night of Mrs. Daventry, and we will
own to have watched the progress of
the play with a certain amount of
alarm as to the effect it might produce

on her youthful mind. When the Monte Carlo scene arrived and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a dream of a dressing-gown, was discovered in a luxurious apartment with a rose-coloured carpet and rose-and-white striped Empire chairs, we whispered apprehensively, "I don't think this is a play your father would care to see," adding, "I don't think you need tell mother too much about it when you get back." But our young lady was lost in a reverie. Presently she turned her calm eyes on us and said, "How attractive vice looks on the stage." She listened to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's great scene with a perfectly unmoved countenance, and noted her vicissitudes with her lover and her husband without a gleam of surprise. Then she got up and donned her opera cloak. "Funny young woman" was her comment on the play.

Mr.
Fred Kerr.

Mr. Fred Kerr acts remarkably well — too well, in fact, for he is so pleasant and sympathetic that one can't believe in the dreadful things he does, and it seems as though his wife might overlook his peccadilloes, and this is not exactly the effect the dramatist means to produce. The part of Mrs. Daventry suits Mrs. Patrick Campbell to perfection, and it is such a very telling part that one is not surprised to hear that she and Mrs. Brown Potter were equally anxious to have it, and that Mrs. Patrick Campbell won by a fluke. The house was crowded on the occasion of our visit, and the clever epigrams in which the play abounds were very much appreciated by the audience.

The Duchess
Nonsensy.

The Duchess of Wellington has the cleverest fingers imaginable, and no one makes prettier buttonholes. When she has a house-party at Strathfieldsaye she always makes the buttonholes: which are to be sent up to the guests when they are going up to dress for dinner. The flowers are brought to her on a great tray in the hall, and she wires them into the sweetest little buttonholes which might be the envy

of a professional florist. When she has finished one of the servants takes the tray of flowers to each room in turn, and happy is the man who has the first room in the corridor, as he has his choice out of the whole. The flowers at Strathfieldsaye are very lovely, and they gain by being so beautifully arranged.

A Lady
Laundress.

Ladies have invaded so many branches of trade since the pioneer countess set up a bonnet shop, that one is never surprised at any situation in which one finds the modern gentlewoman. The lesson of the present day is that the useful is always appreciated, and women are giving object lessons all round us to demonstrate the dignity of labour. This devotion to trade ought to produce in a woman those business habits which are invaluable in the conduct of life, whilst, on the other hand, the trade itself ought to be benefited by the refinements which can be imported into it by a person of birth and education. We have known lady milliners of all kinds and descriptions, but a lady laundress was a novelty to us, and it was with a feeling of decided interest that we set off for Briar House, Twickenham, to interview the head of the Ladies' Laundry Association. When ladies go into business in a *diletante* way, one is inclined to wish they had left it alone, but when, as in the case in point, they carry on a business with entire devotion and steadiness, one cannot but take the greatest interest in their success. Chance suggested the particular branch of industry to which Mrs. Donnithorne has devoted the last six years, but she has pursued it with unflagging vigour and given it an amount of attention which has ended in its being an assured success.

One must
Work.

"I hardly know how I came to think of it," she said. "It came as a sudden inspiration. I had some very unexpected money losses which made it advisable I should add to my income.

When people used to go over my place in the old days they always used to admire my laundry. When I lost this money I suddenly thought I would turn my laundry to account. So I told a few people in the neighbourhood of my intention, and the washing was done in my own laundry, with a certain amount of success, I may say, as some of these customers have remained with me ever since.

There were troubles connected with this first attempt, however: the laundry-maid got a little uppish when she found I was making a business of it, and I had to get a new woman before very long. And a very little washing isn't remunerative. You want to do a great deal to make it pay. But my business gradually grew, and now I wash for many families in town as well as here. Then the Duke of Orleans gives me all his work

when he is down here, and lovely work it is, the linen so fine, and all embroidered with coronets and initials—a pleasure to get it up. I left my large house as soon as possible, and took the old-fashioned cottage in which you see me now, and had the present laundry built at the side of the garden. There is an entrance from the road for the workers, and I have only to walk a few steps across the garden to it—a great point, you see—as I am always on the spot."

"And what part of the work do you actually do yourself?" we asked. "I do the book-keeping," she answered, "and I am there in my office during the whole of the working hours, seeing that every detail is properly carried out. My office is in the centre of the building, and it is made with windows at each side, so that I command a view of the whole place when I am

there. I understand every part of the work, and could always lend a hand to fill up a gap if required. I acquired my experience by degrees, but I should advise any other woman who wanted to set up in the same way to learn the different processes in a regular laundry before she attempted to manage one. But it takes a long time to learn. You want to be at it for years. Ladies are too apt to think it can be learnt hurriedly, and that a three months'

training makes them proficient. Now the best laundry-women are those whose mothers have been in the same industry before them. They get good wages. An ironer will make 25s. a week, and a forewoman 30s., and a good manageress might secure two or three pounds a week. It takes more skill to arrange the work than you would think. Every worker has something she is good at and something she can't do, and you have to employ her



The Orchid Man.

at what she is best at. Then the women musn't be worried. They can't do their work if they are interfered with, and this is a mistake that lady manageresses are sometimes too much inclined to make. The way is to get very reliable workers, and not to interfere with them too much."

Can Ladies do the
work?

"Do you think ladies can do the real hard work of the laundry?"

we inquired. "Washing is dreadfully hard work," replied Mrs. Donnithorne, "and requires greater physical strength and endurance than many of our class possess. If I advocate ladies learning all these branches, it is in order that they may be able to teach others, and understand why things go wrong. I have an excellent staff at present. My packers and sorters are particularly good. Each sorter keeps a separate book about the "shorts," and it becomes a point of rivalry between them as to which will have the fewest entries in their books." "Do your hands like being employed in a Ladies' Laundry?" we asked. "Oh yes, they are proud of it. They say it is the best laundry near here. But I will take you over and you shall see."

A Model Laundry.

We crossed the garden, which has a high wall all round, and we entered the laundry, where a number of women were busy at work. They were all of a most respectable class, with bright, intelligent faces and neatly dressed. The laundry is built on an excellent plan, the arrangements could scarcely be improved. It is built on three sides of a square, and the work goes right forward from the moment when it arrives and is put into the sorting-room till it is being folded and sent off by the packers. The sorters' room is separate from the rest, and no one goes in or out except the four workers who get it ready for the room where it is to be washed. No chemicals are used in the process of washing—the clothes owe their exquisite whiteness to the quantity of water that is used. The sheets pass through eight different

waters, and all the rest of the linen through ten. Passing through the wash-house we arrived at the ironing-room, where some sixteen women were at work. There was a nice square stove with hooks for the irons on three sides of it. We watched a bright-looking woman ironing collars, and were interested in the dexterity with which she executed the mysterious process called "glazing," which made the linen look like satin. "Some people have that done by machinery," remarked the superintendent, "but there is no tool like the human hand." This woman was one of the quickest workers in the laundry—she could iron ten dozen collars in an hour. But then she had been brought up in the laundry. Her mother had had a laundry of her own. We now proceeded to the packing-room, which is Mrs. Donnithorne's special pride. A long table runs all along one side, under the windows, and here the folding and packing is done. On the other side are rows of very deep shelves, one compartment being reserved for the clothes of each family. In the centre of the room a few of the more delicate articles were hanging up on brass hooks, babies' frocks, and so on, most beautifully got up. We particularly admired the way some tiny flannel jackets were got up. "Washing flannel goods is one of our specialities," said Mrs. Donnithorne. "The flannel never shrinks. I don't see why it should!" We were then shown the office leading out of this room, where Mrs. Donnithorne keeps her books, and the "sorters" showed us their books of "shorts," in which there were very few entries indeed. We caught a glimpse of one of the greeny-blue vans outside, with "Ladies' Laundry" in gold lettering. It was delightful to see Mrs. Donnithorne's pride in her laundry, the great Babylon she had built. We think she had the same sort of pleasure in showing it to us that some women have in showing their jewels and lace. There is a real satisfaction in work that is thoroughly done, and a business so well carried on as this is a legitimate source of pride.

Miss Phyllis Dare.

ever forget the charming little girl who played the baby heroine. Her face was full of beauty and intelligence, and her natural, childish manner endeared her to the audience. Little Phyllis Dare first appeared in public at the early age of six, when she sang and danced in St. James's Hall, and delighted all who saw her. Last Christmas she made her first appearance on the stage, when she took the part of "Dorothy" in "The Babes in the Wood," at the Coronet Theatre. She was engaged to play Little Christina with Mr. Martin Harvey, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, the following May. She is now engaged to play "Little Red Ridinghood" in the pantomime at Manchester, and she will be an ideal representative of the character. Little Phyllis comes of theatrical people on her mother's side. Her ambition is to become a great actress, and, although she is only nine years old, she shows such remarkable talent that it seems probable that her wish will be realized.

The Floral Fête.

representing "Spain and America," which attracted great attention at the Floral Fête at the Botanical Gardens

two years since. The car was decorated with various flowers and bore a white banner inscribed with the legend "May peace prevail," and it was escorted by two children in appropriate costumes, carrying the flags of Spain and America. The car was immensely applauded as it went round the tents, and it particularly attracted the attention of the Princess of Wales. The little girls who escorted the car were Phyllis Dare and her sister, Phyllis representing a little coon and her sister a Spanish girl. Two years before this Phyllis received the first prize from the Princess for a representation of Britannia in a floral car, but the Spanish - American car was the greater success, and will be remembered by all who saw it.



Photo by Hana, Ltd.

Phyllis Dare,
The sweet little "Leading Lady."

In the article on "The Queen as a Play-goer" that appeared in the November issue of THE LUDGATE, the author quoted an anecdote from "The Recollections of Miss Emily Soldene," in which the

late Mr. W. S. Emden is described as conducting Her Majesty to the Royal Box at the Princess's Theatre. The incident related, we have since learnt, has no foundation, in fact Miss Soldene has been informed that the story is absolutely untrue. Mr. Walter Emden, the eminent architect, writes us that as a measure of the truthfulness of the story, that "any person who knew my father will

corroborate that he was not a little man, but a man well up to middle height, and instead of being fat, with a corporation, was a man particularly thin, so much so as to be almost what might be called painfully thin." We also learn that the late Miss Keeley read the story in Miss Soldene's book, and expressed her indignation at the absolute incorrectness of the statement. Mr. Emden also points out that there was a considerable omission in the article, as there was no mention of Her Majesty's frequent visits to the Olympic Theatre. "I think I am correct in saying that, at the time Mr. Robson played at the Olympic, the Queen visited it more than any theatre in London, and that he was one of her favourite actors. I do not know how many times she witnessed the 'Porter's Knot' and 'Daddy Hardacre,' apart from the burlesques and extravaganzas such as 'Medea,' 'Alfred the Great,' 'Shylock,' and others in which Mr. Robson played. As also, I think, he was acknowledged as one of the greatest actors of the century in his particular line, it seems to me that he can hardly be forgotten in the history of 'The Queen as a Play-goer.'"

Art Matters.

Our readers will do well to note that the pictures we are offering in the "Ludgate Art Gallery" are now all but disposed of, and in any case the offer will not hold good after the current month. Speaking of art matters, we cannot understand why so many persons decorate their walls with pictures and fill their rooms with furniture of modern make, when quaint, harmonious, and refined antiques can be obtained at a lower cost. And it must be remembered that an article of *vertu* is an investment, whereas modern goods are not. Antiques gain in value every year, and if carefully bought will at least realize at any time what has been paid for them; but modern furniture *et hoc genus omne* is a drug in the market. We were led to these considerations by the marvellous bargains in artistic furniture, tapestry, and such

like, which we saw going lately at the Spanish Art Gallery, 120 New Bond Street.

Subscription Dances.

What promise to be very smart dances in aid of the St. Mary's Hospital will take place on December 20th, January 14th, and February 11th. Tickets (price 12s. each) can be obtained from Mrs. De Meray, 1 Rutland Gate, Hyde Park. The charity is so well known and so commendable that no comment is necessary. We can only hope that those of our readers who can spare the time will secure their tickets without delay.

The Ladies' Line and the Ludgate.

The great question when the "tuppenny tube" was opened was: Will it pay? The question is now differently put: What will it pay? This is due to the publication of the traffic receipts, which show enough to pay a five per cent. dividend on the deferred shares, if—and this is the crux of the matter—the working expenses do not exceed the forty per cent. proportion hoped for by the management. This is, in all probability, a too sanguine expectation, and we prefer to hope for but three per cent. on the deferred shares. We have seen it stated that the directors of the "Tube" contemplate putting on special "Ladies'" carriages at certain hours. We by no means take it for granted that this is in consequence of our suggestion in the August number of this magazine; but, if it be so, no doubt the directors will take care to acknowledge the source of the suggestion in some befitting manner. A graceful way of doing so, if we may make another suggestion, would be to call the proposed carriages "Ludgates," putting a neat inscription in each carriage to explain the origin of the name. The undertaking of the Central Railway is one that deserves to succeed, if only to point a moral for the benefit of the two benighted "sewers" which, for years, have been victimizing Londoners. These are now reaping and, unless they improve, will continue

to reap, a smaller and smaller reward for their lack of enterprise in not earlier discovering the possibilities of electric traction. How they are already feeling this most righteous competition is evidenced by their diminished traffic receipts, and the consequent fall in the price of their stocks.

Guiana is comparatively neglected colony on no less an authority than the Governor, Sir Walter Sendell. She is producing 10,000 oz. of gold per week, and diamonds equal to those of Brazil. This, besides her well-known capability for tropical fruits and for cotton—all badly in need of capital for their better development.

Mr. Barrie. Few people are so little gregarious as Mr. Barrie. He seems to have no pleasure in Society except in observing it. We remember long ago, before either of them became famous, having Mr. Barrie and Mr. Marriott Watson as guests at the Salon. Mr. Marriott Watson was delighted with everything and everybody, and recognizing friends all over the room. To Mr. Barrie we brought up one after another; he did not seem to care for anybody. We

would introduce him to someone fresh and turn our back for a minute; we would look round—there was the little man standing all alone again regarding things silently out of his

beautiful grey eyes. There was only one person he seemed to like at all—this was "Madge," of *Truth*. "She is rather nice," he said, slowly, pausing a moment, and then adding the qualifying phrase, "I should think."

The fact was, Mr. Barrie had not come out with a view to enjoyment, but to study a phase of London life, which he afterwards reproduced very cleverly in "My Lady Nicotine." No one could like Society less than he does.

There is a legend that he once went to stay in a house, thinking he was going to have a quiet time, and directly he got there he discovered that a Royal Princess was coming to dinner. She was anxious to see the novelist, and the hostess had not told him for fear he would refuse

the invitation. Mr. Barrie went to bed! He sent down word that he was suddenly indisposed, and there was a vacant place at the table.



Justice.

Mrs.
Barrie.

Mr. Barrie's was quite a love-match. His wife is one of the prettiest people one would see in the course of a very long day's walk. Mr. Barrie first met Miss Mary Ansell when she was engaged to play in his amusing piece, "Walker, London." The young actress bore so great a resemblance to Madame Navarro that she used to be called "The pocket Mary Anderson." Her features were like those of the great American actress, but she was decidedly *petite*. Miss Ansell went off the stage directly she became Mrs. Barrie. Her influence over her husband may be estimated by the fact that he gave up smoking for her sake. This, though he was the author of "Lady Nicotine," and smoked nothing but Carrera's "Craven" tobacco—alluded to as "Arcadean" in the book—the most delightful solace which has ever been given to soothe the woes of man.

Dover Moves.

We are glad to see that the Dover Corporation has been aroused by the LUDGATE's clarion note to the necessity of clearing its cliffs of glaring advertisements of articles which, however admirable in their proper sphere, are out of place as adjuncts to natural beauties, are, we should fancy, of no particular statistical value on those defences, and are eyesores as prominent features of one of the most important landing-places of foreigners on our shores. The income derived from these advertisements may surely be dispensed with. There only remains the aesthetic desire to have large boards with letters anything up to thirty feet long on the face of the cliffs. If these must be, surely inscriptions much more appropriate could be found, say, "Welcome, little stranger," or, "Britannia rules the waves."

The S.E. and
Chatham.

A propos of alterations of trains in the Kent lines, the effect, according to the *East Kent Times*, which perhaps we must not take too literally, is, that trains "leaving Ramsgate on

Mondays will reach their destinations on Wednesdays instead of Tuesdays, as hitherto." This singularly, brilliant management conceived and successfully carried into effect the glorious idea of cancelling the usual Monday fortnightly excursion from Hastings and Battle on the very day it would have been so largely used by people coming to see the C.I.V's'. entry into London. This, no doubt, on some grasping idea that people would readily pay the full fare to reach town to see such a sight, an idea which may have held good for a minority that would in no sense compensate the loss of the majority of poorer people who might willingly have spent half the money. These helpless lines are absolutely inadequate for all the purposes they are supposed to serve. Instead of being of public utility they are a public nuisance. Could there be a stronger case?

A New
Title.

Her Majesty may yet feel compelled to assume the title of Empress of Cambria and India. In the meantime the discussion of a new title seems a little previous, and it is regarded in the City, by those who condescend to think about it at all, merely as a *ballon d'essai* sent up by the Press. In any case the feeling is that Empress of Britannia would best meet the case. Queen Empress of the British Empire, which has been suggested, is universally scoffed at.

Cartoons of
Famous Men.

Our cartoon of Lord Salisbury, published last month, has been very much admired by many of our readers, and we are glad to say that we have been able to arrange with that eminent artist, Mr. B. Faustin, to give us a series of cartoons for our coming issues. We hope the present cartoon, "Lord Roberts," will be equally well received by our friends, as certainly its artistic merit must be evident to all. At the request of several of our readers we have under consideration the reproduction of the original drawings on India paper, mounted suitably for framing, but of this more in our next issue.